

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 49—No. 25.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—Handel's "ACIS AND GALATEA" will be represented in the OPERA THEATRE, at three. Miss Blanche Cole, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Aynaley Cooke, with full Orchestra and Chorus. The Chorus will be strengthened by a selection from the Crystal Palace Choir, whose services have been kindly volunteered.—Conductor, Mr. MAWES. The opera produced under the direction of Mr. John Hollingshead. Reserved seats, Half-a-crown.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, DRURY LANE.

TENTH APPEARANCE OF MDLLE. MARIE MARIMON.

Tonight, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, Donizetti's Opera, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGIMENTO." Tonio, Signor Fancelli; Sergente Sulpizio, Signor Agnesi; Caporale, Signor Casaboni; Ortenso, Signor Rocca; La Marchesa, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Maria, Mdlle. Marie Marimon (her third Appearance in that character in England). After which, the First Act of the new Ballet, composed by Mdlle. Katti Lanner, entitled "HIRKA." Martin, M. Rubi; Baboulin, M. Francesco; Stephen, M. Waldenberg; a Nofary, M. Corelli; Henriette, Mdlle. Berta Linda; and Hirka, Mdlle. Katti Lanner.

NEXT WEEK.

ELEVENTH APPEARANCE OF MDLLE. MARIE MARIMON.

Extra Night.

Monday Next, June 26, "LA SONNAMBULA." Amina, Mdlle. Marie Marimon (her eleventh appearance in England). To conclude with the Second Act of the new Ballet, "HIRKA."

SECOND TIME OF "SEMIRAMIDE."

Tuesday Next, June 27, Rossini's Opera, SEMIRAMIDE: Assur, Signor Agnesi; Idreno, Mr. Bentham; L'Ombra di Nino, Signor Casaboni; Oroo, Signor Foll; Arsace, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide, Mdlle. Tiejens.

Twelfth Appearance of Mdlle. Marie Marimon.—Extra Night.—Thursday Next, June 29.

Director of the Music and Conductor, Sir Michael Costa. The doors will open at Eight o'clock, and the Opera will commence at half-past 8. Stalls, 11s.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Gallery, 2s. Boxes, stalls, and tickets may be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at Her Majesty's Opera Box-office, Drury Lane, open daily from 10 to 5; also of the principal Librarians and Musiciansellers.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1871.

The GENERAL PUBLIC are admitted EVERY WEEK DAY EXCEPT WEDNESDAY, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., on payment of ONE SHILLING. On WEDNESDAYS the price is HALF-A-CROWN.

MONDAY NEXT.

THE LAST BALLAD CONCERT at ST. JAMES'S

HALL, on Monday Evening, June 26th. Artists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Enriquez, Miss Elsie Clifford, and Madame Patey. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard, and her pupil, Miss Josephine Lawrence; Director of the Part Music, Mr. Fietling; Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. Stalls, 6s.; family ticket (to admit four), 21s.; balcony, 3s.; arena, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. Tickets of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Boosey and Co., Holles Street.

REMOVAL.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has REMOVED from Upper Wimpole Street to Ivy Bank, 49, Finchley Road, St. John's Wood.

CHOIR MASTER WANTED.

THE Committee of the Bath District Church Choral Association are in want of a CHOIR MASTER, to train from Twenty to Twenty-five Choirs in Bath and its neighbourhood. The duties of the Choirmaster will be to give SIX LESSONS to each Choir, including rehearsals for the Annual Festival. Salary, Fifty Pounds, and allowance for travelling expenses. Apply to the Secretaries, Bath District Church Choral Association, 11, Northgate Street, Bath.

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The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY EVENING Next, the 29th inst., commencing at Eight o'clock. By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
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SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley

Street, W. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Director—Herr SCHUBERT. FIFTH SEASON, 1871.—The THIRTY-SECOND and LAST CONCERT of the present Season will take place on WEDNESDAY, 28th JUNE, for the benefit of the Director, on which occasion he will be assisted by most eminent artists. Tickets, 5s. each, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, W.

"A WILD MARCH DAY."

MR. FARLEY SIMKINS will sing A. J. SUTTON's new bass song, "A WILD MARCH DAY," at Harrogate, on the 28th inst. WEEKS & Co., Hanover Street.

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THE GUITAR.

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"I SAW THEE WEEP." Sung by Mr. Vernon Rigby. Composed expressly for him by Frank Naisb. In A flat and F. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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MISS PURDY will sing BENEDICT's popular song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Welsh Choral Union Concert, on Monday Next, June 26th.

"ETHEL."

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS will play his admired romance, "ETHEL," at his Matinée, at the Assembly Rooms, Palace Avenue, Kensington, Tuesday, July 4th.

"SWEET STREAM THAT WINDS THROUGH YONDER GLADE," new part-song, composed by Sir W. STERNDALE BENNETT, being No. 31 of Modern Four-part Songs for Mixed Voices (sung for the first time at Her Majesty's State Concert, June 21st). Price Sixpence nett. LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

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"Revivals" will consist of Pieces hitherto only existing in manuscript, or which have been out of print. Selected from the works of Eminent Masters.

No. 1.
GRAND FANTASIA, in E and A minor and major ... 6 0

This Fantasia was first played in Public by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, at her Pianoforte Recital in St. James's Hall, June 17th, 1869.

No. 2.
DRAMATIC FANTASIA, in C major ... 6 0
Played for the First Time in Public, at the Monday Popular Concerts, by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

No. 3.
SONATA, in C major ... 5 0

No. 4.
SONATA, in E flat major ... 5 0

No. 5.
SONATA, in E minor ... 5 0

COMPOSED BY
WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

"Among recent classical publications a high place must be assigned to a series of pieces hitherto only existing in manuscript, or which have been out of print," edited by Mr. J. W. Davison, and issued under the appropriate name of "Revivals." Up to the present time five numbers have appeared, exclusively containing works for the pianoforte by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, all of which are now printed for the first time. Though Friedemann Bach has had scant justice done to him, his merits are not unfamiliar; and precisely for that reason will a welcome be given to these novelties from his pen—novelties, let us say at once, entirely worthy the great Cantor's favourite and most gifted son. Taking them in order, No. 1 is the remarkable Fantasia played by Madame Arabella Goddard at her Recitals two seasons ago, and received with so much favour. A genuine Fantasia, by reason of the exuberant, though always well-regulated, imagination it displays, this work is not without a classic severity becoming the name of its author. Take, as examples of the last-named quality, the beautiful Allegretto, and, in a different style, the brilliant Rondo finale—movements showing the hand of an artist, as well as the fancy of a genius. No. 2, called by the editor, for obvious reasons, "Dramatic Fantasia," is perhaps yet more striking than its predecessor, owing to a free employment of recitative, and the singular boldness which characterizes the work as a whole. Its ideas are expressed so clearly, and are themselves so interesting, that the attention never flags; while the simple structure of every movement allows nobody to mistake the means for the end. As an example of suggestive, and therefore attractive, music, this old Fantasia might challenge the vast mass of modern and more pretentious effusions without fear of the result. Nos. 3, 4, and 5, Sonatas in C major, E minor, and E flat major respectively, bear such a general resemblance to each other that separate notice is not required. Enough if we say that melody, fancy, and classic form combine in these works to produce a result of the utmost value. Here we have true, unaffected, and grateful music, coming to which, from a good deal that is written now-a-days, is like inhaling fresh mountain air after being in populous city pent. There is only need to add that the sonatas are within the means of even moderately-skilled amateurs, and that Mr. J. W. Davison has shown as much care in editing them as research and judgment in their discovery and selection—*Daily Telegraph*.

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NOTICE.

Published This Day,
NEW SONG BY HENRIETTE.

"WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

The Words by **ARTHUR CLYER.**

The Music by **HENRIETTE.**

PRICE 3s.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

Only when twilight creeps,
My sad heart weeps and weeps,
In anguish that ne'er sleeps—
"What might have been!"

Living in his dear smile,
Guarding his weal the while,
A sweet life without guile—
"This might have been!"

Save that relentless spite
Breathed dark shades o'er truth's light,
That I scorned to set right—
"All might have been!"

Truth prevailed, ah! too late:
Writhing in chains of fate,
He mourns disconsolate—
"What might have been!"

Strive we by duties done,
So our life's battle's won,
Crushing, each morning sun—
"Hopes that have been!"

Yet, must I in dream-light,
Waiting for weary night,
Wail and cry by grief's right—
"What might have been!"

"PLEINE DE DOUTE,"
SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and Trio,
Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

By **BERNARD FAREBROTHER.**

LONDON: LAMBORN COCK & CO., 63, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

(Detailed account of the Rehearsal and Performances.)

Saturday, June 17th.

The general rehearsal for the Handel Triennial Festival was held yesterday in the central transept of the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, who was received with the honours that are so justly his due. An enormous concourse of visitors entirely filled the transept, and listened to the rehearsal with as much apparent interest as though it had been one of the regular performances. And, indeed, a singularly rich selection from the various pieces included in the next week's programmes was given. It began with the two most magnificent choruses in the magnificent *Messiah*—"Hallelujah!"—and "Amen!"—the delivery of which, by the enormous body of singers and players who crowded the great Handel orchestra, could scarcely have been surpassed. Colossal as is "Hallelujah!"—"the Hallelujah of Hallelujahs" as it has aptly been styled—the "Amen," glorious pendant to "Worthy is the Lamb," seemed more colossal still. Perhaps so wonderful a manifestation of choral power, when a multitude of singers is engaged, has never before been heard in this country or in any other. All that had been predicted as sure to follow from the recent contrivances to improve the general effect and further to concentrate the mass, nay, masses of sound, seemed realized in these two performances. Much good was effected at the last Festival by the screening in of the transept on both sides; but the addition of the overhanging velarium, underneath the roof, has materially increased the sonority, while, on the other hand, it has as materially lessened the dispersion of sound inevitable in so immense a space.

The choruses from the *Messiah* were followed by the noble and stately "Te Deum Laudamus" (Handel's fifth and last setting of the text), composed in 1743, to celebrate the victory over the French at Dettingen. Happily there is no need to describe the "Dettingen Te Deum"—as it is familiarly called; nor is it requisite to say more than that the effect of the rehearsal was so grand that it was hard to believe it could be surpassed at the performance on Wednesday. Sir Michael Costa had only occasion to stop the singers once; and this was in the semi-chorus, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God." Mr. Santley gave the solos, and one of these, the truly pathetic "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin"—which must have haunted Mendelssohn while he was composing the bass air, "O God have mercy," in his oratorio, *St. Paul*—would have sufficed to lend an exceptional interest to the whole. Another conspicuous feature in the "Te Deum" was the vigorous and emphatic chorus "Day by day we magnify Thee, &c."

Some pieces from the admirably arranged selection which is announced for Wednesday came after the "Te Deum." First there was No. 1 of the six organ concertos, with orchestral accompaniments, the organ part being performed by Mr. W. Best, organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool—assuredly the right man in the right place. Then Signor Agnesi followed, with Zoroaster's air, "Sorge in fausta," from *Orlando*, one of Handel's latest Italian operas, composed in 1732, and Mdlle. Tietjens, with the recitative and air from *Jephthah*, "Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods," at one period among the most popular of Handel's songs. The grand chorus from *Joshua*, "Ye sons of Israel," came next, and was succeeded by the contralto air, "Verdi, prati," from *Aleina*, a still later opera than *Orlando* (1735), assigned to Madame Trebelli-Bettini (although originally composed for the tenor, Ruggiero); the bass air, "Nasce al bosco," from another opera, *Ezio* (*Ætius*), to the text of Metastasio, sung by Mr. Santley; two pieces from *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* (1740)—consisting of the soprano air, "Oft on a plat of rising ground" (Mdlle. Tietjens), and the tenor air, "Let me wander not unseen" (Mr. Cummings), with its pendent chorus, "And young and old come forth to play;" Achsah's air, "Oh had I Jubal's sacred lyre," again from *Joshua*, sung by Madame Sinico; and a selection from *Athaliah*, Handel's Third English oratorio (1733), comprising two choruses, "The mighty power in whom we trust," and "Give glory to His awful name"—the last a genuine Handelian inspiration—separated from each other by the contralto solo, "He bids the circling season shine," intrusted to Madame Trebelli-Bettini.

The second part of the rehearsal contained further excerpts from Wednesday's varied selection. The singers were now placed in the order necessary for double choruses, and the performance began with the overture to *Solomon* (1748), an oratorio which contains some of Handel's finest and most dramatic music. The grand double chorus, "Your harps and cymbals sound," and the still grander "From the censer," were comprised in the selection, as well as the

gracefully tuneful "May no rash intruder"—the "Nightingale Chorus," as it is sometimes called. There were also the air, "With thee the unsheltered moor I'd tread" (Madame Sinico); the contralto solo (Madame Patey), with chorus, "Music spread thy voice around;" the air (Madame Patey), with double chorus, "Now a different measure try;" the chorus, "Draw the tear from hopeless love"—one of the most touchingly pathetic that even Handel has written; the air (Madame Patey), with chorus, "Thus rolling surges rise"—again one of Handel's noblest; the tenor recitative, "Thrice happy King," followed by the air, "Golden Column," sung by Mr. Cummings; and, last, not least, the splendid double chorus, "Praise the Lord with harp and tongue,"—one of those jubilant outbursts of thanksgiving in which Handel is always so supereminently happy. All these, and more, are comprised in Wednesday's selection.

The remainder of the rehearsal, as on previous occasions, was devoted to some of the superb double choruses from *Israel in Egypt*. Among these were "He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies," "He gave them hailstones for rain," "He sent a thick darkness" (recitative chorus), "He rebuked the Red Sea," "The people shall hear," "Moses and the children of Israel," and "The horse and his rider." About such masterpieces it is wholly unnecessary to speak, nor need more be added than that the selection from *Israel* included also the very popular duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war," allotted to Mr. Santley and Signor Foli. Mr. J. Coward presided at the organ with his accustomed ability.

Applause was frequent during the rehearsal, but encores were judiciously avoided; and even had they been asked for, it is very unlikely that Sir Michael Costa, who was, in fact, merely drilling his forces, would have complied. The audience, as we have hinted, was enormous; and all the ordinary arrangements of the Festival, the preliminary rehearsal for which encourages the highest hopes, are, as they have been from the beginning, under the exclusive superintendence of the gentlemen of the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL

Monday, June 19.

The sixth commemoration of Handel at the Crystal Palace—in other words, the fourth "Triennial Handel Festival"—began on Monday afternoon with a performance of the grand musician's universally admitted masterpiece, equal in all respects, superior in most, to any previously heard in this country. The *Messiah* was the oratorio which commenced the Festival of 1857—the first experiment; it was also the oratorio in 1859, when the hundredth anniversary of Handel's death was celebrated; and again in 1862, 1865, and 1868, after it had been definitively agreed that the Festival should be held triennially; and, indeed, if the opening day of the commemoration is also to be considered the day of mark, to no other piece than the *Messiah*—the Sacred Oratorio *par excellence*—could the occasion be fittingly devoted.

With his usual punctuality, Sir Michael Costa, "generalissimo of all the orchestras," was at his post, and at 2 o'clock precisely the National Anthem was sung, to Sir Michael's own arrangement for full orchestra and chorus, the sopranos leading off, the altos following with the second verse, the rest being allotted to the "tutti," vocal and instrumental. The solemn introduction to the overture was played by the vast orchestra in the right spirit; the stately theme of the fugue *allegro* was led off by the violins with a unity of tone and measured accent suited to its character, and the entire movement was sustained with force and dignity to the end. The effect of something like 400 string instruments, in the hands of competent players, simultaneously employed upon this vigorous and learned, however apparently simple, piece of contrapuntal writing, may be easily imagined. Mr. Vernon Rigby followed with the devotional solo, "Comfort ye my people." This might be regarded as the keystone to the oratorio, connected as it is with its animated pendent, "Every valley shall be exalted," the florid passages of which were given with remarkable ease and fluency by Mr. Rigby.

The sudden appearance of the chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," completing the group of texts borrowed from the prophet Isaiah, is invariably one of the most striking effects. The single voice "of him that crieth in the wilderness" seems here responded to with ardour by thousands of voices of believers. There is nothing in its way more sonorous and bright than this. The three subjects upon which the chorus is constructed were each and all brought out with point and clearness; and when the second and third—"All flesh shall see it," and "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken," the latter

in long holding notes—came together, one could scarcely believe that such a multitude of voices was engaged upon each division. After the accompanied recitative, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts," emphatically declaimed by Mr. Santley, Madame Trebelli-Bettini followed with the air, "But who may abide the day of His coming?"—which Handel himself, if we may take his own MS. score as authority, intended also to be sung by a bass voice, and which should, therefore, have been confided to Mr. Santley. Madame Trebelli, however, was so well acquainted with her text that it would be hard to complain. The slow movement and the *allegro* ("For He is like a refiner's fire") were equally to the purpose. The, so to speak, multitudinous outburst, "And he shall purify the sons of Levi," built upon two themes, the one plain the other florid, incessantly and with marvellous ingenuity worked together, was one of the most irreproachable choral performances of the day. It is a pity that this chorus, one of the most purely Handelian in the oratorio, and invariably among the most telling, despite, or, perhaps, because of, its florid counterpoint, should ever be omitted.

The prediction of the advent of the Saviour, comprising the recitative, "Behold a virgin shall conceive," and the air, with chorus, "O thou that tellest glad tidings to Zion," were both given, just as they should be given, by Madame Trebelli, the chorus responding vigorously in the exquisite melody of the air—one of those numbers, by the way, in which the magical beauty of Mozart's additional accompaniments is most pre-eminently felt—as it is again felt, perhaps even more remarkably, in the prophecy of darkness, comprising the recitative, "For behold darkness shall cover the earth," and the still more impressive air, "The people that walked in darkness," with its consoling sequel, proclaiming the light that shall come. The recitative was declaimed and the air sung by Mr. Santley in his very best manner. The, in its way, incomparable chorus, "For unto us a child is born" (Isaiah), which illustrates the fulfilment of the prophecy of the coming of Him who was to redeem the world from sin, was superbly executed from first to last, not merely in the imposing climax more than once occurring upon the passage, "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father," &c., but throughout. The result of this was a loud and almost unanimous "encore," which Sir Michael Costa, however, had the good judgment to resist; and so the oratorio progressed without impediment.

After this, the "Pastoral Symphony," for orchestra alone, which so characteristically introduces a new phase, and during a performance of which King George is reported to have said that while hearing it he could imagine he "saw the stars shining" (how often has this anecdote been repeated?), was given with a perfection hardly to be overpraised. What would King George have said had he heard this charming interlude played with that multitude of strings, and with those close and glittering trills upon the flutes? How Madame Lemmens-Sherrington gives the recitatives of the Angel predicting the coming of Christ, "There were shepherds," &c., leading up to the exultant chorus, "Glory to God" (text all from Luke), need not be described, nor how she executes the jubilant air, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion," which is divided by the recitatives from the chorus. Enough that she never sang them better. In the above-named chorus, which begins without basses, as in other examples Handel has left, the brightness of the effect was, as even peculiar. The air at once so peaceful and melodious, "He shall feed His flock," written throughout—as Handel's own manuscript, photo-lithographed by the enterprise of the Sacred Harmonic Society, shows—for a soprano voice, in the key of B flat, was again, as at previous festivals, divided between contralto and soprano; and although the contralto was Madame Trebelli-Bettini and the soprano Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and although both of these distinguished artists sang their best, such a liberty was not the less open to reprehension on such an occasion. "Come unto me" is simply the second verse of the air, although the text is from the New Testament (Matthew), while that of the first verse is from the Old Testament (Isaiah). The brightly-toned chorus, "His yoke is easy," however, with its florid melody and continuous bass, was so admirably given by the vast army of singers, that to bestow another thought upon objections of any kind would have been hypercritical and out of sorts at such a moment. The first part of the *Messiah* could not by any possibility have terminated more gloriously. A pause here ensued, during which the singers and players were allowed half an hour or more for refreshment, of which the majority of the audience took equal advantage.

The second and grandest part of the *Messiah*, beginning with the Passion of the Saviour, which (John Sebastian Bach notwithstanding) we cannot but think, brief as it is, the most deeply pathetic treatment of that sublime passage of

the New Testament in all music, and ending with "Hallelujah," the most stirring, exhilarating, and triumphant of the choruses, was almost uniformly well done. Mr. Santley happily excepted, the leading singers we have named were now replaced by others.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail how piece after piece in this wonderful series of masterpieces, choral and solo, was executed. The solemn choral apostrophe, "Behold the Lamb of God," the air, "He was despised and rejected of men" (sung by Madame Patey, who wisely retained the second part, "He gave His back to the smiter"), and the magnificent chain of choruses, led off by "Surely He hath borne our grief," comprising the stately fugue, "And with His stripes," and "All we like sheep," which separating the rest from the magnificent peroration, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," imparts a temporary relief from the prevalent gloom, were so given as to create an impression deep and lasting upon all who went to the Crystal Palace on Monday with the sole purpose of listening devoutly to Handel's music. Sir Michael Costa took extraordinary pains with these pieces, and never was he rewarded by more legitimate success. The succeeding recitative, "All they that see Him laugh Him to scorn," was sung with feeling by Mr. Kerr Gedge; and then we had another imposing choral display (though not so uniformly steady as might have been desired), in "He trusted in God that He would deliver Him; let Him deliver Him, if he delight in Him"—a wonderful example of how a master-spirit can make the severest forms of counterpoint subservient to the expression at which he aims. This chorus, ironical, if music can express irony, goes on so fluently, even when its two themes are worked in combination, that one can scarcely believe it is a fugue according to strict rule.

What ensues in Part II. may be briefly passed over. How the music descriptive of the Passion of the Redeemer—the recitative, "Thy rebuke hath broken His heart," the air, "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like His sorrow," the recitative, "He was cut off," and the peroration, "But Thou didst not leave His soul in Hell," all given to a tenor voice—affects the hearer when suitably delivered need not be said. Enough that Mr. Vernon Rigby did all that was in him to give it due expression, and this amid a tempest of rain on the roof of the Crystal Palace, which distracted the attention of the audience, and might have disconcerted a singer less cool and phlegmatic. The jubilant choruses, "Lift up your heads," with its continuously repeated interrogatory, "Who is the King of Glory?" and "Let all the angels of God worship Him," another example of how Handel could combine melodious fluency with ingenious contrapuntal contrivance; the plaintive air, "How beautiful are the feet," exquisitely sung by Mdlle. Tietjens; the chorus, "Their sound is gone up;" the air, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" assigned to Mr. Santley, whose execution of the florid passages was never more remarkable; the turbulent chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder," with its peroration, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," sung with great vigour and energy by Mr. Vernon Rigby; and last, not least, the astounding "Hallelujah," "chorus of choruses," as it has been appropriately styled, one and all created the impression they can never fail to create when adequately rendered.

That the climax was attained in the unparalleled "Hallelujah" need hardly be said. The applause that ensued was unanimous. We may remark, in parenthesis, that two pieces were omitted from Part II., one of which—the chorus, "The Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers"—should never on any account be left out, seeing that it is an essential prelude to the air, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace."

The third part, even without the omission of certain pieces, a traditional custom, would still be much the shortest in the *Messiah*; and but for the universally admired air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (sung to perfection by Mdlle. Tietjens), and the superlatively grand chorus, "Worthy is the lamb," with its glorious "Amen," might be regarded almost in the light of anticlimax. In any case, we should have had no space left to say more than that the quartet, with chorus, "Since by man came death," the solo parts assigned to Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Messrs. Kerr Gedge and Santley, and the air, "The trumpet shall sound," in the execution of which the singer, Mr. Santley, and the player, Mr. T. Harper, vied with each other in excellence, were all that could be wished. The chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," brought a magnificent performance to a triumphant conclusion. Never did Sir Michael Costa exert himself more strenuously, and never with better results.

The miscellaneous selection for Wednesday would recommend itself to the

lovers of Handel's music, if only in consequence of the variety of the sources from which it is made up.

Wednesday, June 21.

The success of the present festival bids fair to surpass that of its immediate predecessor. On Monday, when the *Messiah* was given, there were very nearly 3,000 more people at the Crystal Palace than in 1868; while yesterday, the day of the "Selection," in a pecuniary sense generally the least satisfactory of the week, some 3,300 in excess of the attendance in 1868 had assembled about one hour and a half after the opening of the doors. If—which there is every reason to anticipate—*Israel in Egypt*, on Friday, proves as attractive as on former occasions, there can be little question as to the result; the Handel Festival of 1871 will have been one of the most prosperous on record.

The programme opened imposingly with the Dettingen "Te Deum," of which we spoke the other day, and which is one of the best known in this country of all the compositions of Handel. This glorious work consists, as our musical readers are aware, almost exclusively of choruses, and is, therefore, eminently fitted for such exceptional occasions. The majestic opening, "We praise Thee, O God," with its worthy pendant, "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting," was never, in our remembrance, more emphatically delivered. The simplicity of outline which marks the choruses of the Dettingen "Te Deum," is on a par with their innate grandeur. They came to the composer as inspirations, he knew not how, and cared not wherefore. He put them down as they came to him, and unconsciously wrote down things that are immortal. The Dettingen "Te Deum" is now nearly 130 years old; but, when adequately rendered, is heard at the present time with as much sincere delight as it could possibly have been when first performed in honour of the victory to celebrate which it was expressly composed. Not to enter further into details about a subject so familiar, we may add that, where all approached very near to perfection, the most striking effect, perhaps, was created by the picturesque and masterly chorus, "To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry"—in which the incessant repetition of the word, "continually," by certain voices of the choir, while others, in measure more sustained and grave, give solemn utterance to the phrase, "Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth," is one of those touches essentially Handelian, and in their way inimitable. There were many more things to praise in this remarkable performance; but we must be content to point to the vigorous and in all respects admirable manner in which the final chorus, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded," a worthy climax to a great and imperishable work, was sung by the whole army of singers—the *alto* solos, considering the means at disposal, being, like the rest, wisely allotted to the chorus. We need scarcely say that the solos in the Dettingen "Te Deum" are, without exception, written for a bass voice; and when it is stated that these were confided to Mr. Santley, it will be readily understood that they could not possibly have been delivered with more force, intelligence, and true expression.

The Miscellaneous programme which followed the "Te Deum" was rich beyond example in variety, as the subjoined will show:—

Concerto for the organ and orchestra.	
Air, "Sorge infausta"	Orlando.
Recitative and Air, "Deeper and deeper still," "Waft her, Angels"	Jephthah.
Recitative and Air, "Ye sacred Priests," "Farewell, ye limpid springs"	Jephthah.
Chorus, "Ye sons of Israel"	Joshua.
Air, "Verdi prati"	Alcina.
Recitative and Air, "Tis well, my friends," "Call forth thy powers"	Judas Maccabeus.
Air, "Nasce al bosco"	Ezio.
Air, "Oft on a plat"	L'Allegro ed II Penseroso.
Recitative and Air, "If I give thee honour due," "Let me wander"	L'Allegro ed II Penseroso.
Chorus, "And young and old"	L'Allegro ed II Penseroso.
Recitative and Air, "Thanks to my brethren," "How vain is man"	Judas Maccabeus.
Air, "O had I Jubal's lyre"	Joshua.
Chorus with solo, "The mighty Power"	Athaliah.

The only possible objection to the above selection was its length. Those among the chief solo singers who had two airs allotted to them (Mlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Mr. Sims Reeves), welcome as such artists must be at all times, would, nevertheless, have afforded ample satisfaction with one. As it happened, however, what with the miscellaneous portion of the programme,

and the selection from the oratorio of *Solomon* which followed, it was past six o'clock before the whole was over. We may insist, not altogether unreasonably that four hours of music at a sitting, even at a Handel Festival, is at least one, hour too much. In other respects, there is little or nothing to criticise. The organ concerto, in G minor and major, with orchestral accompaniments, No. 1 of the set of six composed in 1738, was a welcome innovation, and the more so inasmuch as it was played with masterly clearness and precision by Mr. W. Best, who at the pause preceding the *coda* of the first movement introduced an elaborate *cadenza* of his own. The audience, to judge by their applause, were charmed with this performance, which we trust may henceforth be accepted as a precedent. Handel has composed a vast quantity of instrumental music of the highest interest, and it is only fitting that at the Handel Festival some examples should be occasionally brought forward. The productions of such a genius must be interesting under all their varied phases. The air from *Orlando* (1732), a fine specimen of Handel's operatic music, was extremely well sung by Signor Agnesi (from her Majesty's Theatre), who, the oftener we hear him, convinces us the more of his being a genuine artist. Mr. Sims Reeves, incapacitated by illness from appearing at the general rehearsal, and at the performance of the *Messiah*, was welcomed with acclamations, and by his delivery of the splendid recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and the air, "Waft her, angels," with which tradition has long connected it, amply rewarded the audience for the cordiality of their reception. Finer declamation than that of Mr. Reeves in the most deeply pathetic of all recitatives could not be imagined, nor a more perfect reading and execution of the melodiously expressive air, in which Jephthah consoles himself for the sacrifice of his child by the belief that after death she will be admitted into the company of the angels. At the end of the applause, in which the members of chorus and orchestra all joined, was renewed with increased enthusiasm. The recitative and air allotted to Iphis, Jephthah's daughter, "Farewell, ye limpid streams," most touchingly rendered by Mlle. Tietjens, was a fitting climax. The exultant hymn from *Joshua*, "Ye sons of Israel," powerfully given by the chorus, must have caused many to enquire why this oratorio, one of Handel's maturest, is never introduced at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Madame Trebelli-Bettini, in the air from *Alcina*, and Mr. Santley in that from *Ezio*, by their irreproachable singing, made us long to hear further excerpts from Handel's Italian operas, now, for the most part, pretty well lost in oblivion. Two lovelier melodies were never written. They are, nevertheless, precisely those with which every amateur is more or less acquainted. Surely other treasures might easily be dug up from the same inexhaustible mine; and such accomplished artists as Madame Trebelli and Mr. Santley possess all the requisites to constitute them successful explorers. The recitative and air from *Judas Maccabeus* called forth all the powers of Mr. Vernon Rigby; Mlle. Tietjens gave the Curfew-song from *Il Penseroso* in her very best manner, and Mr. Cummings that from *L'Allegro* uniformly well; though the choral refrain, "And young and old came forth to play," was—rare instance in this really wonderful performance—somewhat unsteady. "How vain is man who boasts in fight," from *Judas Maccabeus*, perhaps the most difficult of all Handel's airs, was sung by Mr. Sims Reeves as only he can sing it, the recitative, "Thanks to my brethren," being a model of Handelian declamation; while "Oh! had I Jubal's lyre," from *Joshua*, was given with remarkable fluency and point by the clever and versatile Madame Sinico. The magnificent chorus from *Athaliah*, one of Handel's earliest oratorios, was splendidly executed, Madame Trebelli imparting due effect to the contralto solo, which separates two sections of the chorus from each other; and thus finished this lengthy but everywhere interesting selection.

It is enough to add that the second part of the concert, after the interval for refreshment, consisted of a selection of well-known pieces from *Solomon*, including the overture; the double chorus, "Your harps and cymbals sound;" the chorus, "May no rash intruder" ("Nightingale chorus," so-called); the superb double chorus, "From the censer curling rise;" the series of choruses generally described as the "Passions;" and the finale double chorus, "Praise the Lord;" the intervening airs and solos being assigned to Madame Sinico, Madame Patey, and Mr. Cummings. This gorgeous and picturesque music is of its kind unique; and here we are reminded of another oratorio that might be more frequently brought forward by our excellent Sacred Harmonic Society, which has done so much towards making us familiar with Handel's music. That many persons went away even before the commencement of the selection from *Solomon* was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that we may have too much even of the best of music; but those who remained were rewarded for their patience.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—The sapling of 1857 has in fourteen years expanded into a giant oak. In 1862 it was decided that the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace should, like the great music meetings at Birmingham and Norwich, and the less imposing gatherings of the Cathedral Choirs, be constituted triennial. It was justly concluded that if Birmingham could support once every three years a festival on an enormous scale, London, with its principal singers, its orchestra, and half its chorus immediately at hand, ought, without much difficulty, to do the same. Sydenham is but an outpost of London; and Sydenham can boast an edifice unrivalled in the world for originality and elegance of structure, for enchanting aspect, and for vastness of accommodation. But there was still another incentive. Handel, though a German, is the greatest and most universally popular of English musicians. In the land of his birth, not to speak of other countries, his music is not a tenth part so familiar to the majority of the people as it has long been in England. Handel, in short, it may be said without irreverence, has stood foremost among those preachers whose persuasive discourse has been most effectual to strengthen a faith in the inspired beauty of the Christian doctrine. It is a stale aphorism, that "the Messiah"—or *Messiah*, as it should properly be named—is the most eloquent of sermons; and yet it cannot be too frequently reiterated; for the good it effects is perennial, and has every chance of being perpetual. That art may well be called divine which gave existence to such a work. German critics have lately pointed to the English nation as setting an example without example, in their constant and always increasing veneration for Handel, who was, nevertheless, a German—Saxon born. In England they say, and say truly, that not only Handel's best operas and his best oratorios were composed, but that in England the best parts, at least, of his best oratorios are very generally known, while some of them are no less familiar than the noblest and most poetical of Shakspeare's plays. We should, at the same time, remember that it was the religious feeling of a large portion of the English community to which Handel so successfully appealed when, after abandoning opera, he gave himself up almost exclusively to the composition of oratorio. That not only the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*—the oratorio of the Gospel and the oratorio of the Bible, the oratorio of the New Testament and of the Old—should have been produced, but so many sacred musical dramas founded upon prominent characters and incidents in Holy Writ should have been given successfully and successfully to England, is a testimony to that firm and ardent faith in revealed religion which, despite uncontrolled sectarianism, distinguishes the English before all other nations. Handel has spoken to our common sentiment of religion, just as Shakspeare has spoken to our common feelings of humanity; and Handel enjoys this advantage—that, having spoken in a language which is universal, what he has said can be made intelligible to the whole Christian world without translation. It is right, therefore, that he should be feted by the people to whom he directly and repeatedly addressed himself, and by whom he was always honoured, though occasionally misunderstood, amid the struggles of a life which terminated as prosperously as it had been conducted with manful vigour and unswerving integrity through a sea of troubles. It is a consolation for us to know that, notwithstanding the shifting vicissitudes of fortune, Handel lived long enough and died rich enough to bequeath to the Royal Society of Musicians a legacy of £1,000. His *Messiah* has brought tens of thousands upon tens of thousands to charity after charity among us, and though very considerably more than a century and a quarter old, was heard with the decorous attention and enthusiastic delight on Monday last, the first day of the Festival, which has never yet failed to accompany even a moderately efficient revelation of its wonderful beauties. I was right glad to witness this fact, and, as an old contributor, shall feel pleased by your allowing me to express my feelings on the subject in your influential paper.—Your obedient servant,

PONTIFEX FOURACRES.

Mario, the greatest tenor and the best lover ever seen on the lyric stage, who this season takes his farewell of the stage, has been well described as "Music's voluptuous swell."—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

PITCH AGAIN.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Since Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* was performed at the Festival this week, may I ask others, far better able to form a correct judgment than myself, whether they noted the effect of the soprano and alto voices at the present pitch in the magnificent choral effects in this, in many features, unparalleled work, even of its unequalled composer. If we are to believe tradition concerning ancient organs, the pitch at which this work was performed in the lifetime of its composer was something like a clear whole tone below that of London at the present day. This difference, appreciable in performance under any circumstances, becomes still more remarkable as the number of performers are increased. And when the astonishing number of fifteen hundred *soprani* and *alti* are put upon the work, the difficulty of a fair rendering of the wondrous passages everywhere abounding in the choruses becomes so great as to be a very serious obstacle indeed to its success. If some others besides myself were, upon hearing the work done at the Crystal Palace, with a chorus and orchestra of four thousand performers, to be similarly impressed, and would kindly, if you would allow it, communicate their impressions through the medium of your columns, something more than mere talk might come of the discussions concerning the pitch question. It is not for me to say that no good has come of previous discussions. On the contrary, public opinion has been awakened, and is expectant respecting some practical result. Hitherto, I have not thought any word of mine could enlighten or enliven those whom most the question concerns. I have, therefore, sided with the silent ones. But I have listened and waited for the verdict. The result appears, as far as I am enabled to judge, pretty generally expressed in the trite command, "As you were." No one can, of course, ignore the worthy efforts of some of our conductors to place the matter in a fair light, by submitting many of our best classical works to the test of actual performance at a lower pitch by nearly half a tone. Nor can it be overlooked, on the other hand, that the experiment has by no means resulted in anything more than an adoption of the plan by a mere fractional portion of the fraternity of conductors generally. In this instance, my impression is that the present rendering, upon so grand a scale, of the compositions alluded to, will offer as significant an example as could well be selected under circumstances the most favourable for bringing to maturity a conscientious judgment on this question—a question, it must be admitted, of paramount importance to all musical people. The point I would most respectfully suggest to be noted is the following—the ladies' voices in the two treble parts, and the mixed alto voices, are so severely tried by the unusually high range of the parts in this work, that these three are partially obscured by the tenor and bass parts. It is not my opinion that the intonation would be destroyed. The voices will be in tune. They mostly are under Sir Michael Costa's most able management; and, besides, they are carefully selected for the Festival, and, as a whole, exceptionally good. The inequality is occasioned by loss of power in the three upper parts. Allusion is here made more particularly to the choruses in *five* parts. Here let it be remarked that no one was so good a judge of this very recondite matter, relative power of the respective parts, as Handel. He knew the average compass of voices better than any one who has ever written for voices. He also knew where to find the average place in the range of voices, of their best notes, of their forte, and of their piano notes. Notes which would make, without effort of the singer, good; notes which he could not sing otherwise than loud; notes which he could sing no otherwise than soft; and very many other matters besides. Not to be tedious or prosy, I will say no more than ask whether any of your very clever readers think as I do about this work being deteriorated by being taken at too high a pitch? The remedy I would suggest is simply to reduce the whole score, note for note, to the key of C, instead of the key of D. The reason, because I think Handel knew best; and if we could but try it, I think no one would refrain from saying to such a replacement of distorted grandeur, "Amen."—Yours very truly,

June 21st, 1871.

IDEALIZER.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—*The Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the "Globe" June 20.)

At the seventh concert of this society, given last night at St. James's Hall two grand symphonies, two grand concertos, and an overture, besides some piece of vocal music, were performed and listened to by artists and "assistants," the majority of whom had probably taken part, in their several capacities, in a presentation of one of the longest of oratorios held in the course of that same afternoon at some ten miles distance from Charing-cross. Neither the active nor the passive participators in this excess, however, betrayed the slightest sign of their having, even on that day, had too much of a good thing. On the contrary, one of the symphonies of Haydn—musically, "ever fair and ever young"—which opened the concert, seemed to be as thoroughly enjoyed by those of the visitors who came in time to hear it as the overture to Mireille which closed it must have been by those who stayed long enough to hear it. Both were accompanied by the interruptions which have of late distinguished these performances.

The symphony which can be heard in comfort—that which opens the second part of the Philharmonic concert—was Beethoven's in B flat (No. 4), a work of which it is now enough to say that it is worthy of all the spirit and refinement the many excellent performers in the present Philharmonic orchestra threw into it last night.

The concertos were the "No. 22, in A minor," of Viotti (for violin), and the "No. 4, in F minor," of Sir W. S. Bennett (for pianoforte). For the former even the broad and finished execution of Herr Straus could not obtain more than the *succès d'estime* to which second-rate instrumental music, unless quite new, is inevitably doomed; the latter, on the contrary, carried away the honours of the evening. If our triumphs in instrumental composition have not yet been very many, they have certainly been great. For thirty years and more "Bennett in F minor" has figured in the programme of every society in the world—the new no less than the old—which cultivates classical music, and it may be safely said that it will continue so to figure, until some altogether new style of music takes the place in the affections of mankind now occupied by that of Mozart and Beethoven and their peers. We console ourselves with the thought that, till that exchange is effected, Bennett in F minor—and in a good many other keys—will from time to time make himself heard—more especially with such an interpreter as he found last night in Madame Arabella Goddard, who, doubtless, moved by desire to add new honours to those recently conferred on her composer, brought to bear on his music not merely a perfection of mechanism which she has accustomed us to look for as a matter of course, but a combination of spirit and delicacy, of sentiment and intelligence, which we could fancy as unprecedented in her own performance as it is rare in that of others. Great artists, of whatever class, are themselves the creatures of circumstance, nor is the manifestation of their utmost powers always possible to them. This can only be made in certain moods; and these are largely influenced by times, places, and, more than all, the sympathies of those about them.

The singers were—*vice* Mdle. Marimon, who had been announced—Mdles. Tietjens and Ilma di Muraka, and Mons. Capoul, who severally sang three of the most hackneyed songs in the concert-room, or more properly opera, refectory.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Another fair visitor has just appeared at the Royal Operahouse as Alice in *Robert le Diable* and Agathe in *Der Freischütz*. Her name is Mdle. Amann, and she comes from the Stadttheater, Königsberg. She possesses an exceptionally fine soprano, but she by no means makes an exceptionally fine use of it.

In addition to Herr B. Hopffer's *Festspiel*, to which I alluded last week, two others will be produced at the Royal Opera during the rejoicings on the return of the troops. To one of them, Herr Rodenberg has contributed the words, and Herr Eckert the music; while Herr Taubert sen., and Herr Taubert, jun., have done the same respectively for the other. The King of Bavaria has conferred the large gold medal, "*Zum Andenken*," and the Grand Duke of Baden the Knight's Cross, first class, and the Order of the Zähringer Lion, on Herr Jähns, for his book: *Carl Maria von Weber in Seinen Werken*. Herr Anton Robenstein stopped a few days here lately.

GAIETY THEATRE.

An opera was produced on Wednesday week called *Letty, the Basket-Maker*. The subject is one of those which, traced to however early a date, is pretty certain to be traced to a still earlier. Familiar as *The Devil to Pay* is to the generation of play-goers contemporary with Mrs. Clive, treatment and subject would seem to have been alike forgotten till taken in hand some years since by Messrs. Palgrave Simpson and Balfe, and finally at a later date recast by both. In its present condition the opera is one of the most entertaining productions of its class, well acted by its performers, and put on the stage with taste and even splendour. The two female characters through whose exchange the object of the plot is realized, are a Countess and the Letty who gives a name to the drama. These are severally filled by Miss Constance Loseby and Miss Julia Matthews, the former with a frowardness so ungovernable, that, especially in her "adverse state," it almost commands pity, and the latter with a buoyancy, a redundancy of animal spirits, that, in prosperous as in adverse state, wins all hearts, from its truthfulness and keeping. The basket-maker—Letty's husband—is played by Mr. Charles Lyall, who, as is his wont, dresses, acts, and sings it with a taste, intelligence, and musical skill which we do not find combined in any other performer on the English stage. Nor are we certain that his prototype could be found even among past, any more than among present, so-called English singing actors—for the most part singers who cannot act, as their predecessors, so far as our recollection extends, were actors who could not sing. The "comic singer," for instance, of whom the late Mr. Harley was the last and best representative, was as incompetent to take part in music such as that of the *Basket-Maker* as to replace a Leotard or a Blondin. For, as we have said, *The Basket-Maker* is not a drama "with music," but an opera, the principal action of which is carried on in music, which, however clear and pleasing in its results, is anything but simple or easy in its causes, and could only be performed as it is at the Gaiety, by actors and actresses of considerable musical knowledge and skill.

OPERA BOUFFE IN LIVERPOOL.

(From an old Correspondent.)

The experiment of establishing an *opera bouffe* in the provinces is about to be held at the Prince of Wales's, Liverpool. The musical arrangements have been entrusted to the *chef d'orchestra* of the establishment, Mr. J. E. Mallandaine, whose charming operettas have been so successfully performed at the New Royalty and elsewhere. The great feature of *opera bouffe* in Liverpool will be the musical completeness with which the works are to be produced. There will be no "dodging," no gigantic cuts, no transpositions wonderful to the ear; but, acting upon the belief that if Offenbach and his school are worth doing at all, they are worth representing in their integrity, M. Mallandaine will not treat them as burlesques, but as comic operas. The first work to be brought out is M. Hervé's *Chilperic*, which was to have had the advantage of the composer in the title role; but failing to obtain his services, his whilom substitute in the character at the Lyceum, Miss Emily Soldene, has been engaged. Next comes Miss Augusta Thomson, most charming of our acting vocalists (Paul Moist remembers her as Pet-ping-sing in *Ching-Chow Hi*), who, as *Fredegonde*, will have plenty of scope for her brilliant vocalism and her piquant acting. Then there is to be Mr. John Rouse, ever quaint and comic as Senna; next, Oliver Summers, as Siegebert; Mr. Loudon as Landry; the fair Miss Emily Pitt as Galswinda, and finally, a capital band and a well-trained chorus. With these advantages, *Chilperic* should be a success with the Liverpudlians. The next opera in M. Mallandaine's list is, we believe, *La Perichole*, with Miss Augusta Thomson as the Schneideric heroine. P—L M—T.

MUNICH.—On the 15th inst. *La Nozze di Figaro* was given to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Herr Kindermann's first appearance at the Royal Operahouse. The part of Cherubino was sustained on the occasion by his daughter, Mdle. Kindermann, from the theatre at Casel.

VIENNA.—Signor Franchetti will open the Theatre an der Wien on the 10th July, for ten performances of Italian opera. His company will comprise the following names, at present strange to English ears whatever fame may do for them at some future day—*Prime donne* Signora Giuseppina Caruzzi, Bedogni, Giulia Benatti, Elisa Galimbert Tenors.—Signor Philippo Paterno, Signor Parisini; Baritone: Signor Francesco Traboni; Bass: Signor Pietro Milesi; and Buffo: Signor Enrico Copai.—Mr. Charles Adams is engaged at the Imperial Operahouse for four years, with an annual salary of 15,000 florins.

ALEXANDER SEROW.*

"A change in music is the result of a change in manners."—PLATO.

(Continued from page 364.)

Years rolled by; heavy years for him! He commenced his opera of *Judith*; he worked day and night. We seldom had any music, though he read anything at sight, and, in his fashion, was a good pianist. "What's the good of playing? What's the good of those confounded pianoforte fingers?" he used to say. "Everything ought to come out of the head! Musical fire must strike a man out of the head, said Beethoven." Sérow felt deeply hurt at not being made an honorary member of the Russian Musical Society, even after the great success of his *Judith*, but at having to wait much longer for that distinction, which was eventually conferred on him at Moscow. "They could not help naming me," he continually repeated; "the Society is a Russian society, and I am a Russian." To this slight, which was greatly exaggerated by him, were added cares connected with his family. To think that a man of such a mind and of such industry should have had to suffer so much! His mother and his grandmother died; his sister married; and the house to which all his recollections clung, passed into other hands. With what energy, with what restless activity, and with how strong a vocation he was animated, is proved by the fact that for years and years, and at all seasons, he walked to the Marie Theatre, despite its great distance from where he lived. He would sometimes complain of his limited means; but a book, a scarce score, purchased at some second-hand mart, when he chanced to have a little cash, sufficed to console him. I may here mention that he frequently said to me: "Whenever I see a copy of the *Pantheon*, I find that what I wrote in it is never cut." He tried everything to improve his circumstances. He delivered lectures (on the theory of music) in the University, and was the expenses out of pocket; he afterwards, at the Artists' Club, delivered others upon the development of opera, but received only very meagre remuneration. He founded a musical journal, and was compelled to discontinue it. I have often seen him cast down—but never despondent. He believed in his star, and this rose for him with his opera of *Rogneda*, which procured him a pension for life from the Czar. He had no less reason for rejoicing at the munificence of the Grand-Princess Helene, even directly after his opera of *Judith*. He was now enabled to pay repeated visits to Germany, where the leading men in poetry and art appreciated him as an individual of eminent ability. His appointment, in 1870, as a member of the Programme Committee of the Russian Musical Society, rendered him completely easy in his circumstances. He began fulfilling his new duties by drawing up for the concerts of the Society such programmes as had never been known in St. Petersburg, and such as placed us on an equality with Germany in the comprehension of Beethoven. At the busiest period of his life, when he was working on *Rogneda*, admiration for his talent procured him a wife, whose intellect and rare artistic capabilities constituted the happiness of his life. He now left home more seldom than ever, worked, if possible, more assiduously, and commenced his third opera, under the name—an ominous name for him—of *The hostile Power*. This opera he left behind him. His widow, who delivered, at her own house, lectures based on his views—which were unique in the theory of musical art—would be in the highest degree capable, nay, she would be the only person capable, of editing what he has left in the shape of unpublished critical writings; extracts from his note-books, which latter he always carried about with him; and a collection of his articles, at present scattered in different journals. From these papers of his there might be compiled such a manual as we have never yet possessed of the theory of harmony. With the systematic order which distinguished Sérow, there must be found somewhere among his manuscripts an essay on the monothematism of each of the four movements of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, an essay he read me in 1859, and which I was to have translated, but which he took back with the words: "It is too important a subject; I will write a monograph on it, and establish a new theory of music, connected with my views of the *Phrygian second*"—an idea which engrossed his attention an hour before

his death, in January, 1871. In December, 1870, he gave a lecture based upon these views at Vienna. I saw him write out the invitations. The programme ran as follows: "On a certain interval and the monothematism of the IX." (He never added the word "Symphony.") His claim to priority as the discoverer of the monothematism of the most important symphonetic creation extant was established as early as the year 1860. (*Beethoven, eine Kunststudie, von W. v. Lenz, vol. I, p. 170*). It is plain that, according to Sérow's arguments, the above Symphony must be regarded as the most homogeneous of all Beethoven's works, and yet musicians were previously unable to reconcile themselves quite with the choral-finale, which they regarded as clashing with the instrumental portions of the composition.

The space at my disposal will allow me to give only a few more traits characteristic of one who penetrated so deeply into the spirit of Beethoven, traits dating from a period previous to that in which Sérow passed from philosophico-musical speculation to production, beginning with a grand opera. To pourtray his mind correctly, one ought to write on him in the spirit of Balzac's studies on Louis Lambert. For this an entire book would be required.

Sérow was a genius in languages as well as in other things. Without any assistance, he learned German, English, French, Italian, and Latin. His Russian was something idiomatically incomparable, though more pregnant when he spoke than when he wrote it; in his writings he frequently became prolix, because he always tried to be didactic. "I was born for a professor's chair," he said, "and that is why they do not give me one." His favourite author was Shakespeare, whom he read in an incomparable manner. Indeed, as a reader, he was generally a master, and more personal even than Tieck. Opposite his dwelling there was a stone house, with a single pillar shooting up in the air, and supporting nothing. "What can the man have meant by that? How often have I thought seriously, and how often jokingly, about it!" he observed repeatedly. "If I am out of spirits, I look at the pillar, and it never fails to make me laugh." Writing to me at Keval, he said: "Pillar not yet understood, but altogether Beethoven!" His writing-room could not be heated, so he used to work in fur boots, fur coat, and fur cap; when his organ, a large old *physharmonika*, was heard in the deserted street, it sounded like a chant in a churchyard! He always practised the greatest frugality. He was attached heart and soul to the beauties of nature, and during the summer used to work in the arbour of his garden. He went from one place to another, but he never took a walk; the nature of pleasure was unknown to him. "It is not for pleasure that I listen to music," he frequently said. On one occasion I induced him to accompany me to the islands near Petersburg. Unluckily, I observed, "Nature, too, is an *Eroica*." "How glad I am you reminded me of that; I must write a book upon the employment of G minor in E flat major, with reference to the ninth bar!" He did not utter another word; he was absorbed. A day came when he said to me in the most solemn manner, "I know why the *scherzo*-motive of the 5th (the C minor symphony) 'is repeated in the finale! I can prove it by the bones; the proper analysis is obtained out of the marrow of the idea. What you say (*Kunststudie*, B. 4, on Op. 67) is fine, but utterly wrong." I hung on his lips. "It is not yet ripe," he continued; "I will tell you what it is, and we will then send it to Berlin; what a sensation it will create there!" For years I questioned him on the subject. His answer was always the same, "Not yet ripe." I am tempted to believe he could not tell me; perhaps the bones had not kept faith with him, but he could not own he was wrong. I was rather proud of my programme of the grand *Leonore* overture (*Kunststudie*, on Op. 72). When the printed copies arrived from Hamburg, I read him the essay, with a great deal of satisfaction. "Very fine, but utterly wrong!" he observed.—"But all Germany says the allegro is not based upon motives of the opera."—"I," was his answer, "will open all your eyes for you." In a week's time he brought me his splendid production, *The Thematism of the "Leonore" Overture*. I translated it, strengthening the case against myself.—"Why have you strengthened these parts? I never told you."—"It is better so; it is now directed against everyone at once." The essay created a sensation in Germany.

Ulsbischeff's book: "*Beethoven et ses Glosasteurs*" arrived.

* By W. von Lenz. From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

That was indeed a grand day! "To-day, we will not dine till evening," said Sérow. We read in turn without interruption all day long. I never saw him so excited! He was beside himself. "He has attacked Beethoven," he said. "It shall cost him his life. Leave him to me!" In a fortnight's time, he brought me the Moscow papers, with the words: "There is his *kalali*. Translate it at once, and dispatch it to the Leipsicker." (The *Neue Musik-Zeitung*.) The article was called in German: "Sérow contra Ulibischeff." It began thus: "Man is the most perfect product, the acme of organic life on earth; the highest point, however, of life in man is the intellect; the highest pitch of intellect, the creative power in plastic art, philosophy, poetry, and music. Creative genius is thus the highest pitch of natural force, and a direct emanation from God." Liszt wrote to the paper, thanking the author in the name of all artists. I never beheld Sérow more pleased. He deserved all the satisfaction he enjoyed. His observation: "It is not in the ear of the consumer, but in the idea of the producer, that we must seek the criterion of criticism," became a proverbial saying in the press. Sérow had only yielded to me with reluctance in the matter of the terms: "consumer" and "producer." "It is mercantile," he observed. "Yes," I replied, "but it will hit them hard!" After the lightning had struck, he was delighted. "I would exchange Ulibischeff's estate at Nowgorod for it," he exclaimed. "The world shall see what it is to attack genius!"

Ulibischeff came from Nowgorod to St. Petersburg, and unfortunately met Sérow in the Perspective under the Limes.— "In your specimens of music," said Sérow, addressing him, "you attribute to Beethoven the faults made by your copyist!" Ulibischeff offered to lay him a bet on the subject. "I never bet," was Sérow's reply, "and I am never wrong. Let us go into Bernard's music-shop. If I am right, you owe me the grand edition of Bach's works, for which I cannot pay!" Not many minutes afterwards, Sérow carried the edition off with him. A short time subsequently, there was a quartet evening in honour of Ulibischeff, at the house of Leonid Lwow, afterwards director of the Imperial Theatres, Moscow. Sérow wrote to me in the morning:—"Even though you went to Thermopylæ, I would go and fetch you away. Remember, Ulibischeff will be there!" Everything passed off peaceably. As we were coming down stairs, Ulibischeff called out from overhead, "I say, I should like to know which of you two is my more bitter enemy."— Sérow called out in reply, "I am; do not make any mistake on that head for a single instant." In the sledge, he said to me: "The fact of my writing in my uncut *Pantheon* against Ulibischeff was a matter of indifference to him; you trumpeted forth all over Europe, and in French to boot, what must have touched him in his most sensitive point; now I have buried him in Europe; he is dead, and consigned to the archives. Look you: what genius writes makes the *rule*, or genius is not genius! Our time, you see, is the time for musical ideas; we do not want any dilettanteing, we want facts! Violining, pianoforting, playing (!) has spoilt many good heads; Ulibischeff is a good head!"

He certainly went too far when he cut out the symphony, quartet, double sonata, and, above all, concerto, admitting only the pianoforte solo sonata, which he designated the "Monochrome," reducing the entire musical art to the musical drama and the church style! This is the same as burning an important library because it contains two or three injurious books.—*Ne quid nimis*.

Sérow made only one mistake about Beethoven, but he did so from the *spiritus contradictionis*, because another had written on Beethoven like himself! In my book: *Beethoven et ses trois Styles* (1852) I dated the commencement of a new era in the symphonetic style from the *Eroica*. Sérow declared the *Eroica* was a bridge connecting the Haydn-Mozart style with Beethoven. "Did I ever write that?" he said to me years afterwards. Like any man of genius, he was subject to the influence of the moment, as he has frequently confessed to me. The last words I was happy enough to hear him utter (February, 1870) were after his return from Vienna: "A man must be a Darwin to discover the monothematism of the IXth?" He was right, and I never thought of regarding as self-praise such assertions about himself, which were peculiar to him. Their origin lay deeper; they were

the opinion of one critic on another. Sérow was born critical! Such peculiarities resulted from the nature of his mind.

In order to understand properly Sérow as a man, we must recollect that, except during the last four years of his life, he had to struggle against privations, sorrows, and cares; that with his natural gifts, and his untiring industry, he must have felt his superiority to others; and that the isolation he suffered was not less, but on the contrary more, keenly felt by him, because he had partly brought it on himself by his far too rugged system of polemics. To him may be aptly applied the words of the poet:

"Denn ich bin ein Mensch gewesen,
Und das heisst ein Kämpfer sein!"

(To be continued).

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE WITHOUT ROSSINI.

The English public has so long been accustomed to see the first play in Beaumarchais' trilogy of *Figaro* solely through the medium of Rossini's opera, that when the performance of *Le Barbier de Séville* was announced by the French Company at the Opéra Comique, on Thursday week, it seemed as though the title *Il Barbieri di Siviglia* was wrongly spelt. Indeed, though we would not willingly undertake the proverbially difficult task of proving a negative, we are strongly of opinion that the original French play, although produced at Paris in 1775, was never acted in London before the 15th inst. If we are wrong, it was probably performed at the theatre in Tottenham-street, which is now rendered famous by Miss Marie Wilton, but which was early in the century used by an excellent French troupe, headed by M. Laporte, and supported by a subscription.

Everybody will, of course, view Beaumarchais with Rossini strongly imprinted on his mind; and certainly there is nothing in the play to weaken the impression of that opera, so completely are the plot and the situations exhausted in the libretto. Much incidental singing occurs in the course of the piece, at once suggesting positions for more elaborate music, and even the words of Basilio's celebrated air, "La Callunia," are adapted from a speech. That the play acts admirably need scarcely be stated. Everybody who is familiar with the opera—that is to say, every educated person in Europe and America—must have perceived long ago that the lively and ingenious story has a charm independent of the music by which it is illustrated, and can infer that this charm remains intact when brilliant dialogue takes the place of beautiful melody.

The manner in which *Le Barbier* is played by the company of the Comédie Française, with whom it is a standard work, hallowed by tradition, cannot be over praised. M. Bressant, gay, gallant, and, on occasion, intensely impassioned as Almaviva, gives a dignity to the character by never losing sight of the fact that he is supposed to represent a grandee of Spain. The mercurial vivacity with which M. Coquelin plays Figaro expresses itself in the odd jerk of the voice, the incessant movement of the limbs, ever falling into some new and graceful attitude; and the joyous roguishness of the countenance is equally commendable. To this the quiet archness of Madame Emile Dubois as Rosine, who most naturally blends innocence with cunning, is a pleasing contrast. The Bartholo of M. Talbot is unctuous in the extreme. It might be objected that the jealousy of the doctor is not sufficiently marked, inasmuch as when he lights on some suspicious circumstance he seems rather pleased with his own acuteness than annoyed by his discoveries; but it is to be borne in mind that he is a direct descendant of one of the old Italian masks, and is not to be judged by ordinary rules. A scene omitted in the opera, where he calls in two valets, one of whom perpetually yawns, while the other constantly sneezes, is a link between real comedy and pantomime, of the kind that we often find in the works of Molière. The sonorous voice and careful elocution of M. Chéry admirably fit him for the formal and astute Basile.—N. D.

MISS ANNIE CHAMEROVZOW.

The death of Miss Annie Chamerovzow, on the 17th inst., at the age of 22, after a week's illness, is not merely a sad affliction for her parents and immediate friends, but a loss to the musical public and to art. Miss Chamerovzow, though young, had already exhibited such promise that the highest things were expected of her. But man proposes and God disposes. Those, however, who most deeply feel her early passing away, may ultimately find consolation in the remembrance that her artistic career, though brief, was a bright one, and that no one who knew her can think of her without sincere regret.

DEATHS.

On June 15, at Putney, THOMAS THEED, Esq., formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, aged 80.

On Saturday, June 17, after a short illness, Miss ANNIE CHAMEROVZOW, aged 22, a young singer of remarkable promise.

On Thursday, June 15, Mr. WILLIAM RYDER, for some years solo cornet player at the Christy Minstrels.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

Our articles on the Italian Opera Houses are postponed until next week.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

IT seems an anomaly that so much should be made by the English nation of a musician, however eminent, who has been dead above a century, and, moreover, was not an Englishman. The German people are at a loss to understand it. The Protestant Germans, in comparison, make but small account of their illustrious Bach, and were obliged to appeal abroad as well as at home for contributions towards a fund for repairing an organ which he had "consecrated," and upon which he had performed from 1703 to 1707, while fulfilling the official duties of organist at Arnstadt. And yet the whole of Bach's noble Protestant church music, in which the spirit of Luther may be said to soar on the wings of harmony, was written for them and among them, in the course of a tolerably long, singularly laborious, and uniformly blameless life. No doubt a great deal is to be deduced from the opposite ways in which these great men have looked at and treated art. In some important particulars, their genius and styles of composition exhibit little or nothing in common. Handel, like Shakespeare, human even when he rises highest, takes his hearers with him. Sublime as are his "Hallelujah" and "Amen," they are cast in such a mould that we may all believe we sing with their composer, and in his own strain. It is rarely so with Bach, who, when he rises, can seldom take us with him, and who in his loftiest flights moves in a sphere altogether beyond the reach of our observance. Bach is for the most part purely intellectual; while Handel, though intellectual, is still more essentially imaginative. If we consider, not merely the great choruses, but the most remarkable songs, of Handel, we must acknowledge that, though addressing us in musical tones, he at the same time conjures up pictures. Numberless instances might be adduced of this peculiarity in Handel, and of how the mind of the hearer is influenced by the images his music directly suggests. Bach's harmony is not of this kind; nor is his music flowingly melodious, like Handel's—another reason why it should be less calculated to enchain the sympathies and touch the hearts of those who, without being intellectual, are immediately and strongly impressed by art which has other qualities to recommend it besides the quality of unceasing tune, but to whom tune is nevertheless a *sine qua non*. Thus we may understand how, while Handel appeals irresistibly to the masses, Bach's appreciating

audience must for ever be limited to the enlightened, and, to a certain extent, the learned few.

But if this comparison, allowing it to be just, may account for Bach's *quasi* non-popularity with the German many, it in no way suffices to explain the very exceptional position maintained by Handel in the country of his adoption—a position far more conspicuous than when he was living and working for our progenitors, in the days of Queen Anne and the early Georges—a position which time only seems to widen, strengthen, and consolidate. For this it is necessary to take other reasons into consideration. The fact that to the most sincerely, if not in the majority of instances the most demonstratively, pious people in the Christian world Handel has given a large number of Sacred dramas, in which many significant personages and incidents of Biblical writ are brought vividly forward, recommended and enforced by the potent spell of beautiful melody and gorgeous choral harmony, is not enough. Handel's extraordinary popularity throughout the length and breadth of England—to which may be added America, where his oratorios are more frequently heard than in Germany, or, in short, than in any country except our own—must not be attributed to his having made Biblical heroes sing martial songs, Biblical prophets utter prophecies in sounding declamatory recitative, Biblical Israelites shout psalms in solemn chorus, to the consternation of Biblical Philistines. He might have done all this and more, and still not have been, a century after his death, what he now is to the English and American peoples. He did, in fact, accomplish more. He described with graphic and appalling power the miracles of *Exodus*, and then, in the *Song of Moses*, recapitulated those miracles in hymns of thanksgiving and praise which for sublimity have never been approached. But *Israel in Egypt*, matchless as it is, would not have made Handel the Handel we revere. Musicians would have extolled him to the skies. Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, would have said—"Behold our master!" Mendelssohn would have written—"Israel is the greatest and most lasting piece." And yet the world, the Christian world at large, would not have adopted Handel as it has almost universally adopted him. But, in addition to *Israel* and the rest, which, separate or combined, would have proclaimed him a colossus, Handel wrote *Messiah*—or, as he first entitled it, "a sacred oratorio"—a work which musicians may justly regard as the greatest production of their art, but which has also still higher pretensions. He wrote *Messiah* when fortune for him had done her worst. In 1739 he had produced *Saul*, *Israel in Egypt*, the *Ode to St. Cecilia*, and other great pieces, not one of which materially helped him to steer clear of overwhelming difficulties; in the year following he composed *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, &c, but with no happier result. In the midst of those labours he returned to Italian opera, which had always proved his Nemesis, and just at this period had brought him to the brink of ruin. Two new operas, and an old one revived, were all failures at the theatre under his management in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The aristocracy, whom he had unwittingly offended, were his uncompromising enemies. His oratorios and cantatas, as well as his Italian operas, were alike disregarded till, on the verge of bankruptcy, he bethought him of a visit to Ireland, which he had long contemplated, and which now he argued might help to relieve his fallen fortunes. Indomitable hero, no less than indomitable producer! He would not go to the Irish—"that generous and polite nation," which had long expressed an admiration for his works—without something new; as if nineteen-twentieths of the superb things he had already

produced would not have been as good as new to a new country. So he composed *Messiah*. Where? How? All we can find is that he composed it before he left England. Thus much we learn from a letter to his friend, Charles Jennens (Dublin, Dec. 29, 1741), who had, it appears, compiled, or more probably helped to compile, the words. Jennens resided at Gopsall Hall, Leicestershire (this surely should be as interesting a spot as Cannon's, or the house in Brooke Street); and at Gopsall Hall some insist that *Messiah* must have been written, while others assert the contrary. All we care to know, however, is, that it occupied Handel from August 22 to September 14, 1741; and that, by the 29th of October following, he had completed yet another oratorio—*Samson*! The thing appears incredible, but it is placed beyond the possibility of doubt by Handel's own handwriting. Thus, amid his pecuniary and other distresses, with a long journey before him, and a "troop" of singers to provide for, Handel composed *Messiah*. We will say nothing of *Samson*, prodigy as that is also; it is marvel enough that he composed *Messiah* under these circumstances, because he would take with him something new for the Irish people. When was there a theatrical impresario to compare with Handel?

The *Messiah* is the sixth of Handel's nineteen English oratorios, and follows next in order to *Israel in Egypt*. Herder calls it "a Christian epopee in musical sounds;" M. Schœlcher—who cites Herder in his *Life of Handel*, which we wish he had published in French—says better, that "it forms part of the religion of England." It is certainly a work which successfully appeals to every Christian community that does not look upon music, *quand même*, as an abomination. It has created a wider impression, and effected more real good in many ways, than any other great musical work on record; or, indeed, than all the great musical works combined of which the history of the art makes mention. It possesses the advantage of not being cast, like the *Passions* of Bach, in a dramatic form. Jesus does not speak, as in the *Christus am Elbe*, with which the grand Beethoven, Handel's equal in a totally different sphere, could scarcely have felt satisfied. The *Messiah* is wholly narrative and didactic. The chief incidents of the Redeemer's sojourn among us are rather hinted at than plainly indicated. The world's rejoicing at His advent is set forth in the first part, and the glorious result of His mission in the third. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood," is the great theme of the final chorus in the last section of the oratorio. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a child is given," is that of the most prominent choral exhibition of the first. In the second only, the references, both prophetic and narrative, from the Old Testament and the New, to the incidents of the Passion, bring the most absorbing moments of the earthly career of Jesus intensely before us; but this, too, ends with the jubilant "Hallelujah," which proclaims His triumph and our salvation. These are the three great choruses of *Messiah*, to which all the rest is incidental and subordinate. A more dramatic form would not have fitted the subject of the Redemption; and with all the genius of Mendelssohn, it is fair to doubt whether his *Christus*, intended to be an epitome of the life of the Saviour, from the Birth to the Ascension, would, whatever the grandeur of the music, have found in the end such general favour as his less ambitious oratorios, *St. Paul* and *Elijah*. That it could supersede *Messiah*, the most enthusiastic partisans of Mendelssohn would have been as unlikely as Mendelssohn himself to imagine.

A Triennial Festival in honour of Handel, in the vastest

and most original edifice that England, perhaps the world, can boast, on a scale such as no other country than England would contemplate, was, considering the means at hand, no less than due to the composer of a work which, written in a universal language, has exercised so unparalleled an influence. *Messiah* has been the main support of all our great county music-meetings, including those of the Three Choirs at Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, which have now existed for more than a century and a quarter. Besides this, there is scarcely a town in England where it is not performed at least once in a twelvemonth. It has even penetrated to Wales, where the "Saxon music" was for ages held in timid abhorrence, and snubbed for the more richly suggestive (and intoxicating) strains of the *Pennilun*. Scotland does not disdain it; Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, loves it. It is, therefore, only befitting that each successive Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace should begin with a performance of this unequalled work, whatever may be set down for the two succeeding days. *Israel*, in the opinion of a vast number of musical judges, is Handel's greatest work; but *Messiah* has made him the Handel we recognize—the Handel of the nineteenth century. *Messiah* is to *Israel* what the New Testament is to the Old. It would hardly, therefore, be consistent to speak of them in common.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

HERR GANZ, whose benefit is an "event" of the season, gave his annual morning concert in St. James's Hall, June 5, and well sustained the reputation he enjoys for liberal dealing, both with regard to quantity and quality. As usual, the audience filled the room, and evinced their interest in proceedings which, though lengthy, were varied by frequent applause. Herr Ganz's attainments as a pianist are too well known for description, and it will be assumed that among the most attractive features of the concert were the selections in which he took part. Those selections, by the way, had an interest of their own, comprising as they did Beethoven's quartet in E flat (Op. 16), in which the concert-giver was assisted by Madame Neruda, Herr Goffrie, and M. Paque; Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor; Thalberg's duet on Themes from "Norma," which associated with Herr Ganz his clever pupil, Mr. F. Southgate, and a few transcriptions from the facile pen of the *beneficitaire* himself. In all these works Herr Ganz was heard to advantage sufficient to place him in the most favourable light, and to win some of the heartiest applause of the occasion. Among the more prominent artists by whom he was assisted were: Madame Viardot, Madame Carvalho, Madame Sessi, Madame Monbelli, Madame Liebhart, Madame Patey, Miss Wynne, Mdlle. Grossi; MM. Gardoni, Lefort, Cotogni, Stockhausen, and Santley. To enumerate all the doings—mostly familiar—of these singers would be tedious; but mention should be made of the success achieved by Miss Wynne in Herr Ganz's song, "Since yesterday" (encored), and by Mr. Santley in the "Yeoman's Wedding Song" of Prince Poniatowski.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG, one of our most agreeable young vocalists, gave her annual concert on Tuesday evening, June 20, at St. George's Hall, and attracted a select and fashionable audience. Miss Armstrong is a great favourite, and that she sings very nicely was proved in Mr. F. Clay's song, "She wandered down the mountain side," and Signor Bevilacqua's *canzone*, "La Fiora," which she sang again, at the unanimous desire of the audience. Miss Armstrong took part in a quartet by Rossini, "Cantiamo e ridiamo" (with Mr. Trelawny Cobham, Mr. Dudley Thomas, and Herr Carl Stepan), and in a quartet by Signor Pissuti, "I canta storie" (with Miss Elena Angèle, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, and Herr Stepan), and also sang the principal soprano music of Sir Julius Benedict's cantata, *St. Cecilia*, so that the young vocalist did not spare any exertion to appear before her patrons as a mistress of her art. Among the "effects" in the concert was the playing of Signor Tito Mettel, who gave two of his own compositions, "La Lyre," nocturne, and "Grande Marche Fantastique," in famous style, being "recalled and encored furiously." M. Jules Lefort sang a romance, "Adieu Louise," so nicely that he was compelled to repeat it, and Mr. Trelawny Cobham after the air, "A wondrous change" (*St. Cecilia*), was warmly and deservedly applauded. Signor Vera accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte during the first part of the programme, and Sir Julius Benedict's cantata was conducted by Herr W. Ganz.

Mr. RALPH PERCY gave an evening concert at the Store Street rooms on Saturday week, which, however, was not so well attended as the excellence of the music led us to expect. The programme was not too long nor yet too short, and everything passed off well. Miss Banks sang charmingly, "The Last Rose of Summer," and received a recall for "Sing, sweet bird." Miss Dalmaine was in like manner complimented for "Batti, batti" and "Home, sweet home." The last named she gave with a smoothness and pliancy highly commendable. Miss Clara Doria had to repeat "The Mermaid's song," and Miss R. Doria sang "Mary Mavourneen" so pleasingly that it had to be repeated. In the duets, "Giorno d'orrore" and "With the stream," in which this lady was assisted by her sister Clara, the audience were profuse in their applause. Miss Percival contributed some songs, the most noteworthy being "The peace of the valley," which found many admirers. Mr. Percy sang, among other songs, "The Bay of Biscay" with effect, and Mr. Chaplin Henry was thoroughly at home in "Speed on, my bark." Mr. Henry Parker performed a pianoforte solo, and Herr Otto Booth played a fantasia on airs from *The Bohemian Girl* on the violin.

Mr. JOHN THOMAS'S concert was given at 24, Belgrave Square, by kind permission of the Marquis of Downshire, on Thursday morning, and attracted a large and fashionable audience. The following solos for harp were capitally played by the concert-giver:—"Grand Fantasia" (Alvares), "Winter" (Thomas), and the Welsh melodies, "Y Fwyachen" ("The Blackbird"), "Ar hyd y nos" ("All through the night"), and "Dewch i'r Fwyr" ("Come to battle"). He also played, with Sir Julius Benedict, a duo for harp and piano, from *Guillaume Tell*. The applause at the close of each piece was general, and richly deserved. A solo for viola was played by M. Van Waefelgen, and Mr. G. Cusins contributed one for the piano. Miss Wynne obtained a well-merited encore for her rendering of "An exile sigh'd alone" (Thomas), with harp accompaniment by the composer. The Misses Clara and Rosamunda Doria were encored in Rossini's duet, "Giorno d'orrore," and Miss Annie Edmunds was very successful in "Out on the rocks" (Sainton-Dolby). Songs were also sung by Miss Watts, Mrs. Welden, Miss R. Jewell, Miss Angele, Mr. A. Byron, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Sir Julius Benedict, M. Gounod, and Mr. W. H. Thomas, were the accompanists.

The second of Mr. John Boosey's Summer Ballad Concerts was given in St. James's Hall on Monday week, when a programme was gone through, which, for quantity and quality, was fully up to the required standard. As usual, the room was filled by an enthusiastic audience. The artists were Madame Sherrington, Miss Wynne, Miss Enriquez, Madame Patey, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley. To enumerate all the doings—mostly familiar—of these singers would be tedious; suffice it that Madame Sherrington was vociferously encored in both her songs, "The Linden waltz" (Aide), and Taubert's "Woodland Song;" Miss Wynne had to repeat "Love has eyes;" Madame Patey Randegger's "Well-a-day;" and Mr. Santley "The Vagabond," and Prince Poniatowski's "Yeoman's Wedding Song." The Chevalier De Kontski played two of his pianoforte solos, "Stelluzza" and "Dinorah," in both of which he was encored. Mr. Fielding's glee party did good service by singing some part-songs, obtaining an encore for "The Three Chafers" (Truhn). Mr. Hatton officiated as "conductor."

Mlle. SEDLATZKE gave her morning concert under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Princess and Prince of Teck, at the Marquis of Downshire's residence, Belgrave Square, on Tuesday, the 20th inst., and notwithstanding the storm which burst over London about the time of the commencement of the concert, the public were not deterred from attending. The rooms were filled by a distinguished audience, who evidently appreciated the programme placed before them. Mlle. Sedlatzke, who was in capital voice, sang, to the clever harp obligato accompaniment of Mr. Oberthur, "Assia a piè d'un salice," from Rossini's *Otello*, a piece well calculated to show her vocal qualifications to advantage, and the fair *bénéficiaire* did not omit to avail herself of the opportunity. Two songs (by Abt and Schubert), and Mozart's duet, "Crudel perchè finora" (in which she had the valuable co-operation of Signor Caravoglia), Balfe's trio, "Vorra parlar ma l'ira" (with the Misses Ferrari), were the remaining pieces in which Mlle. Sedlatzke presented herself to her admirers, who evidently would have liked to have heard her oftener. A number of clever artists assisted Mlle. Sedlatzke, among them the Misses Ferrari, the young vocalists whose successful *début* we lately recorded. On the present occasion they sang the duet "In the deep ravine," from Auber's *Crown Diamonds* (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Emile Berger), in their most charming style; and Miss Sophie Ferrari gave, in addition, a brilliant interpretation of "O luce di quest'anima" (Donizetti), which evidently delighted the audience. Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Miss Julia Elton, Mlle. Brandes, Herr Oberthur, M. Paque, and Herr Lehmeyer, aided Mlle. Sedlatzke in going through a long and agreeable programme, and the audience separated quite pleased with all they had heard.

Mr. HENRY M. ROWLAND gave his first Concert at Westbourne Hall, Westbourne Grove, on Friday, the 16th June, with success. Among the artists were Madame Suchet Champion, Mr. Suchet Champion, and Miss Stuart (his pupil). Mr. Rowland's voice told to advantage in Mr. Molloy's "Vagabond," and Prince Poniatowski's "Yeoman's Wedding."

Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS'S *matinée d'invitation*, given June 15, in the Assembly Rooms, Palace Avenue, Kensington, was attended by the *élite* of the neighbourhood. The following was the programme: "Impromptu," Chopin; "La Straniera," "Lucrezia Borgia," Brinley Richards; "Lucia," Prudent; "Kathleen Mavourneen," Brinley Richards; March (*Athalie*) Mendelssohn; Overture (*Zampa*) Herold; "Ben e ridicolo," Rautegger; played by lady amateurs, (pupils of Mr. Brinley Richards). "Caprice" (composed for Princess Amelia), and "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Handel; "The Vision" (Romance), and "Taranterle," pianoforte, Brinley Richards. Vocal Duet (Brinley Richards), "Home," Miss Rebecca Jewell and Mlle. Angèle; Song, "The Bells," Mlle. Angèle—A Plumpton; "Anita," Mr. Vernon Rigby—Brinley Richards; "That dear song I loved the best," Miss Rebecca Jewell—Allan Hyde; the "Cambrian War Song," Mr. Walter Reeves—Brinley Richards.

Mr. CHARLES GARDNER'S seventh annual morning concert took place at Willis's Rooms on Saturday afternoon, the 17th inst. Miss Katharine Poyntz was much applauded after her two songs, "Où voulez-vous aller?" (Gounod), and "The angel's whisper" (Lover). Miss Bessie Randal sang Beethoven's "In questa tomba." Miss D'Almaine sang, with great success, Sterndale Bennett's "May Dew," and Mozart's "Voi che sapete," and Miss Alice Fairman was encored in A. Sullivan's song, "Looking back." There was some good part-singing by Messrs. Fielding, Carter, Ball, and Dittin. M. Buziau and Signor Pezze played respectively solos on the violin and violoncello. Mr. Gardner's playing, naturally the chief attraction to his patrons, elicited great applause. Mr. Gardner took part in Beethoven's trio in B flat, for piano, violin, violoncello, with MM. Buziau and Pezze, and played, in addition to compositions of Schumann and Chopin, a Sonata in A, his own composition, consisting of an Allegro, Adagio, and Rondo, of which the first was very spirited, the second melodious, and the last a combination of both qualities. The room was well and fashionably attended. H. L.

Miss E. LANGLEY gave an evening concert on Tuesday, which was very well attended. Miss Langley played brilliantly Ascher's popular arrangement of "Alice, where art thou?" and a piece of Liebieh's; she also sang John Barnett's song, "The Parted," receiving much applause. Among other successful pieces were: "The Song of May," by Wallace, sang by Miss M. Christine; "The days that are no more," Blumen-thal, which was sung to perfection by Miss Alice Phillips, daughter of the once popular Henry Phillips; a new waltz *aria*, "The Naiades," by Miss Agnes Lyndhurst; and the new national song, "The War Cry's hushed." Mr. Alfred Bennett sang the last with great spirit, displaying a fine tenor voice to advantage; he also sang the "Singing Lesson," with Miss Lyndhurst. Miss Alexandrine Dwight gave Beignani's "La Fioraja" with great brilliancy, and received much applause. The Misses Ada and Berta Perkes, with Messrs. Surtees, Corne, and Weber, pupils of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, played solos on the pianoforte by Schulhoff, Rummel, Weber, &c., with more or less success. Mr. Lansdowne Cottell and Mr. C. Weber were accompanists.

Mr. OBERTHUR'S *matinée* took place at his residence, on Thursday week, June 15, when several of his new compositions were performed. The following artists assisted:—Madame Elvira Behrens, Miss Goodall, Miss Edwards, Herr Reichardt, Mr. Frank Elmore, and Mr. Lloyd (vocalists); Mlle. Strindberg-Elmore (pianoforte); Herr F. Ries (violin); Mons. Albert (violoncello); Mr. Lazarus (clarinet); and Mr. Oberthur (harp). The opening piece was Mr. Oberthur's second original trio, in C major, for violin, violoncello, and harp, well known as a work of considerable merit. It was capitally played by Herr Ries, M. Albert, and the composer, and each movement was deservedly applauded. The other instrumental compositions of Mr. Oberthur were, "Una lagrima sulla tomba," by Parish Alvares (elégie); "Au rive de la mer" (impromptu), for harp solo, both, we need scarcely say, capitally played by the composer; an impromptu for the clarinet, played in his best style by Mr. Lazarus; and a duo for pianoforte and harp, "Erin go bragh," in which Mr. Oberthur had Madame Strindberg-Elmore for associate. This composition, although the last piece in the programme, was listened to with great pleasure, and Mr. Oberthur's clever arrangement of the popular Irish tune produced its wonted effect. The vocal compositions by Mr. Oberthur were: a quartet, "Ave Maria," in which Miss Edwards sang the soprano part with taste and expression, well supported by Miss Goodall, Mr. Elmore, and Mr. Lloyd; and a new romance, "The rose and the ring," was well sung by Mr. Frank Elmore, who also gave a composition of his own, "The woodman's son," with his accustomed effect. A song by Grazia, entitled, "Sing, ye

joyous birds," with clarinet *obligato*, was charmingly sung by Miss Edwards, and the clarinet part played by Mr. Lazarus in perfection. Herr Reichardt, who is too seldom heard in public, sang, in his usual effective style, "Morgengruss," by Mendelssohn; "Die Schönesten Augen," by Stigelli; and his own song, "I love, and am loved," which was received with great and deserved favour. Two German songs were well given by Mdlle. Elvira Behrens, who is always welcome in a concert-room, and a romance, from *La Reine de Saba*, by Mr. Lloyd, an amateur, with a pleasing baritone voice. Herr Ries played a *réverie* for the violin by Vieuxtemps, and Mdlle. Strindberg-Elmore a solo, "Elfenreigen," by Herr F. Ries, with the delicate execution requisite for "fairy music." The conductor was Herr A. Gollmick, and the concert altogether went off with *éclat*.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S second *matinée* took place in the Hanover Square Rooms, May 20th. The following was the programme:—Duet, pianoforte, "L'Apassionata" (Walter Macfarren). Mr. Stephen Kemp and Mr. Walter Macfarren; song, "Rose, softly blooming" (*Azor and Zemira*, Spohr, 1784-1859)—Miss Rebecca Jewell; Sonata Duo in A, Op. 32, pianoforte and violoncello (Sir. W. Sterndale Bennett), Mr. Walter Macfarren and Herr Daubert; song, "The Petrel's Warning" (Henry Smart), Miss Marion Severn; Sonata, in C minor, Op. 30, pianoforte and violin (Beethoven, 1770-1827), Mr. Walter Macfarren and Herr Strauss; Solos, Pianoforte (Walter Macfarren), Nocturne, "Music on the lake," Romance, "Madeline," First Polonaise—Mr. Walter Macfarren; Sacred Songs, "O Lord, rebuke me not," "O sing unto the Lord a new song" (Walter Macfarren), Miss Rebecca Jewell; and Quartet, in E flat, Op. 47, pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Schumann, 1810-1856), Mr. Walter Macfarren, Herr Strauss, Mr. Burnett, and Herr Daubert. The following was the programme of the third, which took place June 3rd:—Quartet, in C minor, pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Mozart, 1756-1791)—Mr. Walter Macfarren, M. Sainton, Mr. Burnett, and Signor Pezze; song, "The noblest" (Schumann, 1810-1856)—Miss Edith Wynne; Duet, two pianofortes, Allegro Brillante, Op. 92, (Mendelssohn, 1809-1847), Miss Linda Scates and Mr. Walter Macfarren; song, "The Wild Rosebud" (Josephine Williams), Miss Edith Wynne, accompanied by the composer; Sonata, in F major, pianoforte and violin (Walter Macfarren), Mr. Walter Macfarren and M. Sainton; Barcarolle, "By the silver beams of Luna," with pianoforte duet accompaniment (Spohr, 1784-1859), Miss Alice Ryall; Solos, pianoforte (Walter Macfarren), Spinning Song, Berceuse, "Golden Slumbers," Improvise, "Mountain Stream"—Mr. Walter Macfarren; songs, "A widow bird sat mourning," "Welcome, Spring" (Walter Macfarren), Miss Edith Wynne; Trio, in D minor, Op. 49, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mendelssohn, 1809-1847), Mr. Walter Macfarren, M. Sainton, and Signor Pezze. At both *matinées* the accompanist was Mr. Stephen Kemp.

PROVINCIAL.

HARROW.—We take the following from the *Watford Observer*:—

The Annual Fancy Sale for the benefit of the Industrial Home of Girls, 125, Sloane Street, S.W., was held in the National School, Harrow, on Tuesday, 30th ult. There were fewer stalls and less visitors than on previous occasions. However, towards the evening the number of visitors greatly increased, and a considerable sum was taken at the door. This we chiefly attribute to Dr. Vellere placing himself at the head of his band, and allowing them to make their entrance into the town, playing most exquisitely Claribel's beautiful song, "Strangers yet," arranged as a march. During the fancy sale the band played to the greatest satisfaction of everyone present. The eldest son of Dr. Villere, Sydney Horace, played in a masterly manner, "O Ruddier than the Cherry," on the euphonium; and H. C. Crapp the cornet solos in the two admirable Potpourris, arranged for the occasion by the Doctor himself. They were both very ably supported by the entire band, and were the *pièces de résistance* of the evening. It was nearly ten o'clock when they left the bazaar, and, marching through the town, they played several tunes, and were cheered most vociferously by the scholars and by the inhabitants.

WORTHING.—The *Worthing Intelligencer* of June 17 informs us of the death of Mr. William Ryde, the well known Cornet player, and remarks that:—

"This gentleman, for some years solo cornet player to the Original Christy Minstrels, at St. James's Hall, was considered one of the finest performers on that instrument in London. His father was trumpet-major in the 10th Hussars, and then joined the Royal Sussex Militia, as bugle-major. He was afterwards appointed bandmaster to the 11th Sussex Rifle Volunteers, his son William undertaking the principal duty of instruction. We learn that the deceased was in Worthing last week, in a very low state of health, and left for Brighton, where he rapidly became much worse. His death, at the age of 25 years, will be regretted by many of our readers who knew his amiable qualities and appreciated his remarkable musical talents."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE *John Bull* is at it again. Here is the latest specimen of *John Bull* musical gossip:—

"A German lady who once dined with Signor Rossini was expatiating with great enthusiasm on the merits of Bach. After eulogising him for some time, she turned round to Rossini, and said, 'N'est ce pas vrai, Monsieur Rossini, que cette musique est magnifique, charmante?' Rossini very quietly replied, 'Oui, Madame, pour dix minutes!'"

Two remarks upon this will suffice. First, the story is false: Rossini loved Bach's music, and would listen to it, *when well played*, for hours. Secondly, if the story be not false, the "German lady" had probably been defacing her countryman's music, and trying Rossini's temper by a bad performance of her own.

THE following extract from the *New York Weekly Review* gives, without intending it, a curious picture of the relations between artist and critic in America:—

"It is proverbial. *Nothing* goes beyond it. If, for instance, in the way of criticism, you do what is called 'a handsome thing,' for the artist, something by which he or she actually gains thousand of dollars; if you never lose an opportunity to bring his or her name before the public; you will surely be benefitted by a profusion of thanks, and by peculiarly written letters, which denote the superior education of the writers. They will tell you that you are their best friend, that without you they would have struggled in vain against the envy and jealousy of their fellow artists. You, of course, protest against all this. You say, 'My dear Sir, or Madame, or Miss. I am fully remunerated for all my trouble; I receive thirty dollars a week, which makes about two dollars and a half for every notice of your superior talent, ample enough to support a family of four, and quite sufficient for a man who has brains and no voice. And then ensues that noble struggle of disinterestedness between artist and critic, which is such a touching token of the advanced state of society. 'What,' exclaims the singer, or the player, 'I have made nearly a fortune in a few months, and chiefly through your efforts and those of your friends, and you have only made your living, (a groan from the critic, who thinks of his unpaid butcher-bill)! No, this must not be, this is altogether a wrong state of society: allow me at least to leave you a souvenir, a small token, by which you may remember the everlasting gratitude of your "poor" artist.' And with this the latter brings forth an *etui*, leaves it on your table (if you have any), and, full of emotion, runs out of the room. With trembling hands you open the box: gold dazzles your eyes. You take it up—it is a valuable pin. You wear it, until you meet a friend who is in the jewelry business. 'What confoundedly brassy thing have you got there?' he asks. 'Brass?' you stammer. 'Impossible, it is a souvenir.' 'I would smash the fellow who would leave me such a souvenir,' your friend exclaims, with indignation. 'We sell them at eighteen dollars a dozen.' Whereupon poor critic takes off the souvenir, not only from his shirt bosom, but also from his memory, in consideration of the gratitude of artists."

Our contemporary ought to know what, may be, is within his own experience; but here, we cannot conceive a critic making a begging speech, or an artist presenting a brass pin. But, then, we Britishers are notoriously behind our respected cousins in everything.

WHAT do our readers say to the following choice bit of American criticism on a lady artist:—

"Miss Kellogg's *physique* has been charmingly developed, and the revelations of her graceful form and rounded limbs permitted through the folds of the classical drapery she wore as the Roman matron, went far toward asserting the superiority of the American type of female loveliness."

Really, American musical journalists are men of varied qualifications.

ON HEARING ARABELLA GODDARD PLAY.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

The eye is pleased, the ear is charmed,
The judgment gratified—such ease,
Such grace, no waste of power:
When Goddard plays perfection sits enthroned,
And even doubt itself is satisfied.

COLOGNE.—In consequence of the unsatisfactory state of his health, Professor Oscar Lindhult will, this autumn, resign his situation as teacher of solo-singing at the Conservatory. Professor Lindhult's predecessors were Herren Koch, Böhme, Reinthaler, and Madame Marchesi.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Morning Advertiser* devotes a long and interesting article to the recent concert of Miss Josephine Lawrence, from which we extract the following:—

"Every London season produces its number of young pianists. Some of them eventually 'go to the wall,' as failure is described, some achieve a mild success, and some give promise of taking a high position in the musical profession. Of the latter class is Miss Josephine Lawrence, who made her first appearance in public at her *matinée* on Tuesday last. Her friends mustered numerous at the Hanover Square Rooms, and it would be hardly possible for any young lady to make a more satisfactory *début*. Miss Lawrence is, we believe, a pupil of Madame Arabella Goddard, and, without speaking slightly of her individual capacity, we may say that the tuition and supervision of such a consummate mistress of the art of pianoforte playing must go far towards ensuring the success of a *débutante*. Miss Josephine Lawrence has a light and delicate touch, with remarkable neatness of execution, and true musical feeling. There is a simple earnestness of purpose in the young lady's playing, and, in fact, the spirit of the devout student is evident in all she attempts. The largeness of style indicative of the matured artist is, of course, a question of time, and this will no doubt be rapidly developed in the case of Miss Lawrence. She first took part with Herr Straus in the *Kreutzer* Sonata of Beethoven, and showed all the qualifications of a performer of classical music. The variations were, perhaps, a little hurried, but the inevitable nervousness will account for that. A group of three solos—a Fugue by Handel, the *Lied* No. 5, book 5, of Mendelssohn, and the harpsichord Lesson, No. 6, of Scarlatti—was Miss Lawrence's next attempt. The Fugue was rendered with perfect exactness and the necessary repose of manner, and Scarlatti's difficult piece was so well played that an encore immediately followed. The mechanical difficulties of Scarlatti's 'Lesson' are great, the passages in which the hands cross requiring a precision by no means easy to obtain. Madame Arabella Goddard and her clever pupil played the duet for two pianos, by Meisselsohn and Moscheles, on themes from Weber's *Preciosa*. They came to a standstill owing to a sheet of the music having been left behind; but this little incident amused the audience rather than not, and the duet subsequently came to a triumphant conclusion."

The *Morning Advertiser*, in an article on Signor Arditì's concerts, makes the following remarks on the popular *chef d'orchestre*:—

"For some years past Signor Arditì has been closely identified with the opera in London, and the public must have been greatly surprised to find his name no longer associated with one or other of the great lyric theatres. His claims to consideration, in a purely musical sense, are acknowledged in every direction, and the energy he has always displayed in discharge of the heavy responsibilities of a *chef d'orchestre* have earned for him the goodwill of all classes. Signor Arditì has been associated with many of the most important revivals of modern days. He had the "getting up" (so far as the music is concerned) of such operas as *Medea* and *Iphigenia*, and to find a season passing over without Signor Arditì in the place he occupies with such credit to himself, and advantage to every one concerned with him, produces a feeling of astonishment and regret. If, however, the public are not to see Signor Arditì in the theatre, they are only too glad to meet with him in the concert-room. The reception given to him at the Hanover-square Rooms on Friday afternoon last was indeed significant in its warmth and spontaneity. Not only were the visitors profuse in their applause, but the band were equally vehement, and this welcome will probably be remembered by Signor Arditì as an uncommonly pleasant experience of his artistic career."

The same journal, alluding to the *début* of Mdle. Alvin Valeria, says:—

"She appeared on Friday as the 'pupil of Signor Arditì,' who may feel proud of her. Her voice is a bright, clear soprano, of high range, which may be imagined, seeing that the air 'G' angui d'inferno,' from the *Zauberflöte* (in D minor, the original key), was set down as one of her solos. The aria, 'O luce di quest'anima,' from *Linda di Chamouni*, she sang with great brilliancy. Mdle. Valeria's familiarity with music of a more dramatic nature was shown in the duet, 'Deh non parlare,' from *Rigoletto*. This she gave with Signor Delle Sedie."

THE "MESSIAH" IN A STORM.

Noticing the first Handel Festival performance, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—

"The weather, we fancy, does not much affect the attendance of visitors at the Crystal Palace on Handel Festival days, and it is said that, in spite of the wet, there were 22,000 persons present yesterday at the performance of the *Messiah*. But the weather—if it did not prevent ticket-holders from going to enjoy their rights purchased beforehand, if it could not chill the enthusiasm of thousands of amateurs who would not on any account miss hearing Handel's great masterpiece as it can be given at Sydenham alone, and at Sydenham only once in three years—had a malignant effect, now and then, on the music itself, or perhaps we should say on the singers and musicians, who vainly endeavoured to make themselves heard in spite of the clatter of the rain drops on the glass roof. Thus the rain fairly drowned the voice of Mr.

Vernon Rigby in the recitative with unexpected accompaniment, 'He was cut off;' and, though to the best of our belief he did so, we cannot swear that Mr. Rigby sang the following air, 'But thou didst not leave,' at all. Sir Michael Costa looked as if he felt himself beaten, but did not like to give in when the time for beginning the chorus, 'Lift up your heads,' had arrived. For a moment he paused. Then he extended his bâton, as though to appease the outside tempest; and it is a fact that the storm, as if by previous arrangement—or, as a mythological poet might say, in acknowledgment of the musician's divine power—suddenly ceased. Sir Michael gave the signal, the storm ceased, the choristers attacked, and 'Lift up your heads' was sung unattended by any external sound but that of the applause of the audience as it was brought to an end."

SIMS REEVES AT THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

With reference to Mr. Reeves's fine singing in the "Selection" at the Crystal Palace, the *Daily Telegraph* says:—

"The name of Mr. Sims Reeves appeared next in order, and, remembering two recent disappointments, the question was, 'Will he come?' Suspense did not last long; for a roar of delight from the tenors who first caught sight of their great exemplar, announced his presence. Quick as a petroleum conflagration, that roar spread over the orchestra and the audience; the very people who would have most abused the artist had he not appeared being loudest in their acclamations. No warmer greeting was ever offered, nor one more prolonged; for after 'Deeper and deeper still' had begun, the irrepressible tenors, whose fellow-feeling made them wondrous kind, broke out into a 'One cheer more.' Whether Mr. Reeves was stimulated to special efforts by these tokens of favour, we know not; but assuredly he never sang better in his life, and never gave a finer reading of the recitative which, more than anything else, sounds the depth of human anguish. All his refined expression and perfect technique were conspicuous in 'Waft her, angels,' making the rendering of the song worthy of music fit for the celestial beings it invokes. In brief, Mr. Reeves asserted his old power, and was applauded and recalled in the old manner. He subsequently gave 'How vain is man!' (*Judas*), singing that trying air with a fluency and force leaving absolutely nothing to desire."

The *Daily News* follows in the same strain:—

"The appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves—after the disappointments at Friday's public rehearsal, and Monday's performance of the *Messiah*—was the signal for an enthusiastic demonstration that sufficiently evidenced the general good sense of the public in estimating the contingencies attendant on a susceptible throat in a proverbially fickle climate, the conscientious scruples of an artist of the highest class who declines to sing when he is not certain of realizing his own elevated standard and the prudence of a man of sense, who shrinks from risking the total loss of his voice by its forced use, when disabled by illness. Had Mr. Reeves been influenced by the clamour of the disappointed few on past occasions, we should scarcely have had yesterday's repetition of one of his finest displays of vocal art in all its former perfection. The mingled despair and pathos infused into the recitative (from *Jephthah*) 'Deeper and deeper still,' and the elevated sentiment imparted to the succeeding air, 'Waft her, angels,' were such as have never been surpassed even by this great singer himself; and the effect produced on the vast audience was one of universal admiration."

BALLAD CONCERTS.

Sir,—Mr. Ransford's memory must surely be failing him, if he claims to be the originator of the Ballad or English concerts. Mr. Ransford is doubtless, himself, a representative of a certain kind of English music, which, for want of a better name, I may call the "Old King Cole" school. But although this is the case, Mr. Ransford never gave anything in the shape of an English concert until 1866—the same year in which my Ballad Concerts were so successfully commenced. Previous to 1866, Mr. Ransford was in the habit of taking an annual benefit, first at a theatre and afterwards in a concert-room. At this benefit, every kind of music was performed, including a great many convivial songs, and (of course) Mr. Ransford's own famous ditties, "Tom Tough" and "I'm a merry Gipsy King, Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"—Your obedient servant,

JOHN BOOSEY.

London, 28, Holles Street, 21st June, 1871.

The Directors of the Philharmonic Society, on behalf of the Society, have presented Madame Arabella Goddard with the Beethoven Gold Medal, instituted by the Philharmonic Society, on the occasion of the concert given to commemorate the centenary of Beethoven's birth, in the summer of last year. It may be remembered that Madame Goddard played the Choral Fantasia at that concert.

The Princess of Wales honoured Mr. Charles Hallé's last Pianoforte Recital (Thursday, in St. James's Hall) with her presence, and seemed greatly to enjoy the performance.

THE POETIC NIGHTINGALE.

I believe that Shakspeare and Milton invariably make the singing nightingale to be of the feminine gender. And so, too, do Chaucer, Petrarch, Shelley, Dryden, Bloomfield, and other poets. The classical legend of "Philomela" is undoubtedly the cause of this; and the idea originated by Grecian and Latin poets has been adopted and carried out by poets of all ages and all countries.

Nevertheless, although poetic licence may somewhat excuse the error, the poets are undoubtedly untrue to a fact in natural history when they ascribe the nightingale's notes to the female bird. As this is the delightful season when the nightingale's notes are heard—and I am writing this by an open window, looking upon a garden that is resonant with their unsurpassed melody—permit me to adduce a few other instances in which the poets have done justice to the male bird.

In Coleridge's famous defence of the nightingale from the charge of being a "melancholy bird," he writes—in what, perhaps, is the finest poem ever penned on the subject—

" 'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music! . . .

She hath watched
Many a nightingale perch giddily
On blos'my twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy, that reels with tossing head."

Although I have mentioned Shelley as one of those poets who had made the singing nightingale to be the female bird—as, for example, in his "Rosalind and Helen"—

Soon her strain
The nightingale began;

yet, in one splendid passage in his "Prometheus Unbound," where, speaking of the "voluptuous nightingales," he says:—

When one with bliss or sadness fails,
And through the windless ivy boughs,
Sick with sweet love, drops dying away
On its mate's music-panting bosom.

Here the singer is evidently the male bird. Similarly, the late Mr. Julian Fane, whose poems were so favourably received by the critics, says, in one place,

Philomela, from a dewy breast,
Pours her wild note;

but in another place, he makes the male bird to be the singer:—

The nightingale's sweet note is heard.
He sings and trills, nor waiteth long
Ere from the hazel copes nigh
His happy mate her happiest song
Attunes into a sweet reply.

Another poetical error! for the answering song is from a rival male bird. Mrs. Butler (late Miss Fanny Kemble) writes, in her poem, the "Eastern Sunset"—

'Tis only the nightingale's warbled strain,
That floats through the evening sky;
With his note of love he replies again
To the muzzin's holy cry.

Byron, in the "Bride of Abydos," makes the male nightingale to be the singer:—

This rose to calm my brother's cares,
A message from the Bulbul bears;
It says to-night he will prolong
For Salim's ears, his sweetest song;
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try, for once, a strain more glad,
With some faint hope his alter'd lay
May sing those gloomy thoughts away.

Again, in the "Glaour," he says:—

For then—the rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the nightingale,
The maid for whom his melody
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale.

By the way, I went, the other night, to the Philharmonic Theatre; and

I can compliment the talented young authors of the musical extravaganza, "Nightingale's Wooing," not only for the wit and elegance of their production, but also for their adherence both to natural-history fact and poetic fable, in making the singing male nightingale to show his love for the rose. One verse of Prince Nightingale's first song to the Princess Rosebud is this:—

Had I a charm that could prevail,
My dream would I disclose;
The Rose should love the Nightingale,
The Nightingale the Rose.

This pretty fable, which is derived from the Persian, has been made much use of by our own poets—by Byron, in the lines just quoted, and by Moore, in many places.—*The Figaro*.

THE EAR AND THE EYE.

A writer in the *School Board Chronicle* makes the following observations, which, if not new, are worth considering:—

"I think there can be no doubt that among all human passions, the love of beauty is one of the most universal, the most suggestive, and in one sense the most mysterious. Whether there exists any single man or woman totally destitute of that love, in some shape or other, it is difficult to decide. I never met with such a person myself, and I doubt whether such a being is possible, even as a *lusus naturæ*. In the kindred region of music, there are undoubtedly persons to be met with who are not only utterly deficient in the power of enjoying musical sounds, but who are positively unable to detect the difference between one sound and another. They can tell you whether a sound is loud or soft, and whether one piece of music is faster or slower than another piece. But they cannot detect any difference between one tune and another. If they were to hear 'God save the Queen,' a chorus in the 'Messiah,' and a dance tune all in succession, they could perceive no difference between them, except in their comparative degrees of loudness or speed. If we were to sound one note with the voice or on an instrument, and then a second note far higher or lower, such persons would confess that certainly the two notes were not precisely the same, but they would detect only just the sort of difference which they feel between the noises made by knocking harder or more gently on a table or on the floor. In these cases, however, there is a positive physical disqualification for musical enjoyment. In common phraseology, we say that such persons have no ear; meaning, of course, that there is a certain peculiarity in the brain which prevents them from detecting those distinctions of sound without which the comprehension of music and the enjoyment of music are alike impossible. The essence of all music lies in the detection of these various distinctions of sound and in their combination in endless forms of beauty. And where the brain is so defective that the distinctions are not recognised, it is obvious that musical enjoyment is as impossible as the enjoyment of eating and drinking is impossible to a person in whose tongue and palate the nerves of sensation are totally paralysed.

"But here comes a curious contrast between the love of the fine arts and the love of music. In music our love of beauty is gratified through the ear; in art it is gratified through the eye. In each case similar sensations are produced in the mind within; and it frequently happens that a lively capacity for artistic pleasure is accompanied with a keen relish for music. At the same time there is this striking dissimilarity between the facts to be noted in the two cases: while the love of visible beauty is absolutely universal and irrepressible, or nearly so, there are many people who are utterly indifferent to all musical pleasures without being physically disqualified for their enjoyment. They can tell one melody from another with perfect ease; they may even possess a tolerably fair ear for time and tune; but there is a certain other defect in their nature which prevents them from deriving the smallest gratification from music of any kind. It does not affect them in the slightest degree. It does not annoy them, unless its noise prevents them from talking. They are simply indifferent to it, and it no more awakens in their hearts any of those intense and delicious emotions which other natures experience from good music, than a plain white sheet of paper awakens when placed before the eye. Why this is so, or how it is so, it is impossible to ascertain without a further knowledge of the complexities of our strange nature than we have hitherto attained. It is undoubtedly a most singular phenomenon, and one of the many which serve to show how little we as yet know either of our own nature or of the world in which we live."

THE Handel Festival terminated yesterday with a magnificent performance of *Israel in Egypt*. We understand there is to be another performance on Monday, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales will entertain the Grand Duke Wladimir.

PHOTOGRAPHIC HEROINES.

(Morning Advertiser, April 17.)

Photography is very justly looked upon as one of the greatest blessings of modern civilisation. That wonderful combination of sunlight, cyanide of potassium, and a dexterous manipulator, can effect almost everything but the transfer of colours. Form and proportion we get to perfection, and nothing comes amiss as a subject, from a skeleton leaf to that cumbersome monster, the rhinoceros of the Zoological Gardens. Photography can bring into the bosom of our families the expressive lineaments of a bench of bishops or a board of guardians, a vestry meeting or an "all England Eleven," a "man of the people" or a crowned representative of the Divine right, a life-boat crew or a group of bridesmaids,—in fact, anybody or anything the world is supposed to include among its choicest treasures. The familiar *carte de visite* not only perpetuates the pleasant memory of our friends, but possibly retards the process of ossification in the hearts of our enemies. More than this, the "counterfeit presentments" of photography bring us face to face with our teachers of the pulpit and the stage.

For these small mercies (especially the latter) it is to be hoped we are sufficiently grateful; but human nature is perverse, and many persons would possibly be content to see fewer portraits of our so-called actresses boldly confronting them from the shop-windows of stationers and photographers. The unsophisticated youth quietly contemplating a galaxy of stage beauty behind plate-glass may well wonder what manner of women these can be who parade themselves and their not too voluminous costumes in the glare of day. The "chariest maid," as *Laertes* says, "is prodigal enough if she unmask her beauty to the moon." What, then, shall be said of those who confide themselves to the tender mercies of the camera when *Phœbus* is at the meridian? Is this walking into the sky-parlour of a photographer a sublime form of womanly devotion and self-denial for the good of the dramatic profession? Certainly not; and by no stretch of toleration can such a proceeding be defined as anything but a lamentable mistake, and a cruel insult to the worthier members of a profession the world is always glad to honour when it honours itself.

Photography, it is said, can never lie, or misrepresent; but it can, and does, when it gives the collective term of "favourite actresses" to this crowd of brazen, impudent, shameless creatures who attitudinise on velvet couches, elevate one leg on a property stile, throw a shapely limb over the arm of a chair, or sit on the edge of a table to be photographed in their stage dresses. These Cupids and Pages, who simper and leer from the polished surface of prepared paper, are nonentities rather than actresses. They have gained confidence in the ballet, graduated in slang and impertinence in that literary monstrosity we call burlesque, and have taken their full degree in the most wonderful of all theatrical institutions—opera bouffe.

Speaking charitably, or, it may be, in strict accordance with facts, and looking upon all these semi-nude divinities as patterns of well-meaning modesty, it is lamentable to think what risk they run of being misrepresented. The world is censorious, ill-natured, and malicious; and beauty comparatively unadorned, though ever so well-intentioned, must expect to suffer by companionship with the *demi monde*, even in a shop-window. The dispensation is hard, but propriety must inevitably lose caste from the most innocent association with *Lais* and *Phyrne*. No one "behind the scenes," that is to say conversant with things as they really are in the much-abused theatrical profession, would for one moment venture to place these gabblers of half-a-dozen lines, these pretty dolls, elegant dummies, and, happily, speechless Princesses, on an equality with intelligent women able to think, willing to study, and competent to act. There is a wide difference between the two classes, and where actresses, in the strict sense of the word, are known for their ability, these alluring damsels in silken hose, the nattiest of boots, and with no trunks to speak of, are distinguished solely for their reckless assurance, not to say immodesty. Not even the superscription "Lillie Northbank," in a handwriting as bold as the charming creature herself, recalls any nobler triumph than a breakdown or a vulgar song in a burlesque; and after contemplating the portraits of these small celebrities of the stage, the question, "Who on earth are they?" very naturally follows.

Seriously, this overflow of half-nude figures, ticketed, labelled, and described as representatives of the English stage, is a source of pain, of disgust, and infinite disquiet to the respectable portion, male and female, of the profession. The best of the "players" are fortunately not afflicted with this portrait mania. By their absence from the throng they enter a silent protest against an infatuation which cannot minister to the true dignity and honour of their calling. Their reserve, and determination not to follow an unworthy lead, is greatly to their credit; and seeing the new kind of star now to be found in the theatrical firmament, and multiplied indefinitely in the shop-windows, the choice of the few is not to be wondered at.

An actor may give himself up to pictorial association with others not

worthy of the name, or he may decline altogether to have his portrait scattered broadcast over London. There are actors pure and simple it must be remembered, and there are actor-advertisers. The former are content to be before the public only when following their vocation; but the end and aim of the latter seems to be to keep their names before the public aforesaid at any risk. Which are the worthier, common sense will soon determine. Credulous and unthinking as most people are in matters relating to the stage, there is a certain limit, after all. The least reflective refuse to take it for granted that the actors and actresses they see the most of are the cleverest of the craft; and with this lingering conviction is possibly allied the thought that the less common our men and women of the stage make themselves, the more highly they are likely to be thought of by the world in general. This is the simple truth, and is worthy of consideration by all who have the well-being of their profession at heart.

As for the unpleasant sign of the times to which we have particularly alluded, time and the advent of a purer taste can alone remove it. Nothing can be done to remove this vain thing, which casts a reproach upon the stage. The impure bubble must eventually burst, like any other which rises to the surface of social life; and in the meantime the world at large will do well to believe that the respectable section of the dramatic profession is even more scandalized than other people can be at the exhibitions made and the bad taste shown by those bound to uphold the dignity of an honourable calling.

YOU'VE SCOTCHED THE SNAKE, NOT KILLED.

When Mephistopheles is played,
What makes my Beawell so uncivil;
Are family features portrayed?
Is he himself the devil?

EPHRAIM BULLOCK.

WEIMAR.—Mlle. Brandt, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, sang here lately at a Court Concert, the pieces she selected being the air, "Lascia ch'io pianga," from Handel's *Rinaldo*; "Die Sterne," by Madame Pauline Viardot; and compositions by Schumann, Liszt, and Lassen. She subsequently appeared at the Grand Ducal Theatre in Orfeo.

SALZBURG.—The programme of the second Mozartium Concert, under the direction of Dr. O. Bach, was as follows:—Overture to *Titus*, Mozart; first movement from the C minor Concerto (first time of performance here); Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Otto Bach (Mlle. Rigeli, pupil of Professor Dachs, of Vienna); and Concerto for Violoncello, Goettermann (Herr Kretschman, from Prague). Second Part: "Erl-König's Tochter," ballad for solo singers, chorus, and orchestra.

EMS.—The Grand Duke of Hesse, at present stopping here, has conferred the large Gold Medal for Art and Science on Herr August Wilhelmj, of Wiesbaden, in consideration of the services rendered to music by that gentleman.

GRAZ.—Miss Minnie Hauck appeared here a short time since, for the first time. The opera she selected was *Roméo et Juliette*. She met with a most flattering reception, and was enthusiastically applauded after each important piece.—The season of the Italian company, under Signor Pollini, began at the Stadtheater with *Il Barbiere*, Madame Artôt-Padilla sustaining the part of the heroine.

BADEN.—An interesting concert was given on the 3rd in the new rooms. The principal artists—assisted by a full band, under the direction of Herr Könnemann—were Madame Mallinger, Dr. Gunz, Herr Jean Becker, and Herr Julius Sachs. The lady delighted her audience by the cavatina "Das Glöcklein im Thal," from *Euryanthe*; Mendelssohn's "Stille;" Schubert's "Ungeduld" and Mozart's "Veilchen." She also took part with Dr. Gunz in the duet from the first act of *Lucia*. Dr. Gunz's other contributions to the entertainment were the air of *Pyraides* from Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauris*, Schubert's "Neugieriger," and a comic Spanish Serenade by Dessauer. Herr Jean Becker performed Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; and Herr Julius Sachs Beethoven's C minor pianoforte Concerto, both gentlemen combining their powers in the duet by Vieuxtemps and Kullak on Meyerbeer's *Feldlager in Schlesien*. The orchestra played Schumann's *Manfred* Overture.—The first concert for Classical Instrumental Music took place on the 8th. The great feature of the evening was Beethoven's C major Symphony. Herr Reuchsel performed a new Violoncello Concerto of his own composition. The work shows the hand of a practised musician, acquainted with all the rules of his art, but possessing no imagination, the consequence being that his concerto is correct, and—soulless. M. Lebeau proved himself an expert performer on the harmonium by his rendering of several original compositions, namely, a Prayer, a Serenade, a Pastorale, and a "Souvenir de Weber."

WAIFS.

M. Henri Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist, has just returned from America, where he has been playing with his accustomed success at the concerts of the Nilsson tour.

Mr. John Barnett has arrived in town from Cheltenham.

Dr. Spark, of Leeds, is at present in London.

Herr Schubert, the director of the Schubert, Society announces his benefit for Wednesday next, at the Beethoven Rooms.

Signor Mongini has given up his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera, and returned to the Continent.

Mr. Walter Montgomery, after a great success in Australia and America, has returned to London. He leaves again for the States in September.

Messieurs Ricordi & Co., of Milan, have become the purchasers, for Italy, of Mr. Brinley Richards's compositions; and Herr Hoffmeister, of Leipzig, for Germany.

Madame Marie Stocken will sing Benedict's Popular Variations on Le Carnaval de Venise, on July 6, and during her engagement, at The Hall by the Sea, Margate.

Dr. Liszt's second oratorio, *Christus*, will soon be given at Weimar and Vienna. His *St. Elizabeth* will be performed on the 20th in the former city.

Among the novelties contemplated by Dr. Wesley or the Gloucester Festival this year are two works: by Mr. Macfarren (*John the Baptist*), and Mr. Cousins (*Gideon*).

The office of choir master to the Bath district Church Choral Association is vacant. The salary is Fifty Pounds, and the duties consist of giving six lessons to each choir, including rehearsals for the annual festival.

Herr Herbeck will be replaced in the direction of the Grand Concerts in Vienna, by Herr Antoine Rubinstein, who will leave St. Petersburg in the autumn for his new post. Herr Herbeck is nominated conductor of the Imperial Operahouse.

Mdlle. Clara Doria has been engaged as *prima donna* for the Parepa-Rosa troupe. From the great musical talent of this lady, we have little doubt she will become a favourite in the United States. Mdlle. Doria will make her *début* as Arline, in the *Bohemian Girl*.

Mr. Mapleson's new *prima donna*, Mdlle. Marimon, is creating quite a Lind-Nilsson *furor* at Drury-lane, in *La Sonnambula* and *La Fuglia del Reggimento*. The ladies are especially fond of her name, which they are never tired of repeating to their bachelor friends.—*Porcupine*.

Contrary to expectation, M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer of *Mignon* and *Hamlet*, has been nominated Principal of the Conservatoire, in Paris, in the place of the late Auber, and not M. Gounod, the composer of the *Médecin malgré Lui*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Faust*.

Herr Wagner, who is preparing the *Nibelungen* for the Bayreuth Teatro, has been to Darmstadt to consult Herr Brand, the machinist, for the scenic effects. Herr Brand constructed the ship for the *Africaine*, when produced at the Court Theatre, the mechanical effects of which were as accurate as they were astounding, and far surpassed the vessels used in Paris and Berlin.

The death of M. Aimé Maillard, at Moulins, is announced. He had taken refuge in that town during the civil war. He composed many operas, amongst which his setting of Lord Byron's *Lara* is best known. It had a long run at the Opera Comique in Paris; the English adaptation, brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre by the late Mr. Harrison, did not meet with similar success. M. Maillard's *Dragons de Villars* was another of his popular works.

An extraordinary scene occurred recently at the Opera House in Bucharest. Prince Charles of Roumania and a crowded audience witnessed the performance of Auber's "Masaniello." At the celebrated revolutionary stabbing scene in the third act, nearly every man in the pit rose from his seat, and the house resounded with furious threats against the Prince, who turned very pale, and immediately left the house with his escort.

"The deserted wife" has reappeared, this time in the garb of "a Music Mistress," whose brutal husband refuses to allow her to give music lessons unless she hands over to him all her weekly earnings. In her despair the lady sits down and writes a remarkably manly and sensible letter to the Editor of the *Daily News*, and hundreds of English wives are now yearning with anxiety to know how the law stands upon this knotty point. Fortunately the law is excessively simple. A husband can forbid his wife to follow a trade or calling to which he objects, and the law recognises his prohibition. But, if he attempts

to enforce his commands in the face of his wife's disobedience, he must, of course, use some kind of violence, either overt or constructive, and the use of any violence on his part the law does not recognize. In other words, the law allows a husband to forbid his wife to turn governess, and allows the wife to disobey her husband. Thus, then, the "Music Mistress" is in reality chafing against a mere *brutum fulmen*; for the courts of law will only allow a husband "to restrain his wife of her liberty" in case of her "gross misbehaviour." Now, to give music lessons is obviously not gross misbehaviour; and, therefore, all that the "Music Mistress" has to do is to go on with her lessons, and, if her husband attempts to "restrain" her, to have him brought before a magistrate. A lady with sufficiently stern common sense to write to the papers about her domestic sorrows ought also to have stern common sense enough to seek her proper remedy at common law.

A WAIF FROM PARIS.—Among the numerous papers which perished in the conflagration of the Tuileries, there was an autograph MS. of Rossini's, an "Ave Maria," which, according to the preface—written, like the rest of the MS., in the master's own hand—"had been composed expressly for the Empress." "Fortunately," says the *Siccle*, "a member of the Committee had had a copy taken of the piece, which bears the date of 1865." With all due deference to the *Siccle*, the writer of the present paragraph feels greatly inclined to exclaim:—"Credat Judæus Apella." If the "Member of the Committee" could have the composition copied, why could not he at once have put it in his pocket?

Two fashionable New York churches—the Ascension and Dr. Armistage's—are battling valiantly for the permanent possession of the soprano, Miss Henrietta Beebe. The lady whose precious voice has caused the contention, it seems, has literally no voice in the matter. Engaged at the Church of the Ascension for 1,000 dols. salary, she is not permitted to resign in order to accept the 1,400 dols. temptation offered by the excellent *connoisseurs* of Dr. Armistage's congregation, and it is even threatened that an injunction will be served to prevent her uttering a note in the Presbyterian church. This gives the matter a serious look, and a very interesting *dénouement* is anticipated.

The musical critic of the *Siccle* denies that Emile Deschamps introduced the character of Marcel into the *Huguenots*, or wrote the scene between Raoul and Valentine. These false reports arose, he says, from the fact that Meyerbeer had two or three times, in the absence of Scribe, asked Emile Deschamps, with whom he was acquainted, to modify the rhythm of some insignificant portions of the libretto, such as choruses or concerted pieces. On this account Emile Deschamps received a very small part of the receipts of the *Huguenots*, from Meyerbeer; but he never received a centime on the proceeds of the poem, which Scribe always appropriated in full, as sole author.

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